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Photo by W. D. Downey.

A TYPE OF BEAUTY.

For did those eyes as planets roll,
Thy sister-lights would scarce appear:
E'en suns, which systems now control,
Would twinkle dimly through their sphere.

— BYRON.

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EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE

SEPTEMBER, 1900.

OYSTER FARMING.

GREAT AMERICAN INDUSTRIES, NO. 7.

Illustrated with Photographs of Curious Oyster Growths.

By René Bache.

When one learns that twenty-three million bushels of oysters are opened annually in the United States, the fact, because of the very largeness of it, is not easily grasped. It may be better, therefore, to restrict attention for the moment to one producing locality, the Chesapeake, from which the bulk of this gigantic output is derived.

The Chesapeake alone yields twice as many oysters as are produced by all foreign countries put together. In the last century its total output of these edible mollusks has been about 400,000,000 bushels, selling for $250,000,000, a sum over four times as great as the entire valuation of the taxable property in all the counties of Maryland where the fishery is prosecuted, omitting Baltimore. The industry is the chief means of support of 225,000 persons outside of Baltimore, which city is the greatest oyster market in the world, employing more capital in the business than is utilized in the fishery itself and paying regular wages to half as many persons as are actually engaged in the capture of the bivalves.

The great estuary called the Chesapeake, comprising the most extensive and valuable oyster-producing grounds in the world, receives the drainage of an immense area of fertile territory, by which is deposited all over its bottom a fine, black sediment so rich in organic matter that it decomposes if exposed to the sun for a few hours. This is the famous "oyster mud," which, under ordinary conditions, produces a luxuriant growth of the microscopic vegetable organisms that furnish this much prized mollusk with his favorite food. It has been reckoned by the United States Fish Commission that the available oyster-growing area in the Chesapeake is about one thousand square miles, and that, with proper cultivation, this area would be worth an average of $100 an acre yearly.

The oyster is now regarded in this country as a wild animal, but the day of its thorough domestication has almost arrived. Even the wonderful beds of the Chesapeake have not been able to withstand the reckless over-fishing to which they have been subjected, and already they are showing signs of approaching exhaustion. The future of the oyster in the United States, say the experts of the Fish Commission, lies with the scientific breeder, who, by the help of simple processes, will cause one hundred of the bivalves to grow where Nature, even at her best, would not supply means of existence for more than one or two.

Chesapeake Bay is one of the richest agricultural regions of the earth, the fertility of its bottom being comparable only to that of the valleys of the Nile and Ganges; but it is adapted for one crop only—the oyster.

The oyster trade of the Chesapeake, which centres at Baltimore, has three

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A FLAGON FOUND AT THE BOTTOM OF CHESAPEAKE BAY OVERGROWN WITH OYSTERS.

branches—raw shucking, steaming, and the sale of the mollusks in the shell. Of these, raw shucking is the most important, and next comes the steaming trade. The business of shucking raw oysters in Baltimore employs thirty-two thousand persons, most of them men, though in some establishments large numbers of women are engaged. The laborers get twenty cents per "cup" of nine pints, wine measure, for the meats of the oysters they open. In the same city are prepared over nine-tenths of the world's product of canned oysters, great quantities of which are exported to Europe, while the West absorbs an enormous amount of them. In this branch of the industry about twenty firms are kept busy.

Small cars filled with oysters in the shells are run directly from the wharf to the factory, the tracks passing into steam closets, which are oak boxes 20 feet long, lined with sheet iron. When a car has been run in, the doors of the chest are closed, and steam is admitted. At the end of fifteen minutes the box is opened, and the car is run over another track into the shucking room, its place being immediately occupied by a fresh car. In the shucking room the cars are surrounded by the shuckers, each provided with a knife and a can that hooks upon the side of the vehicle, which is soon emptied of its contents, the steaming having opened the shells and made the meats easy to get at. Finally, the oysters are washed with ice-water and poured into cans, which are also subjected to a steaming, cooled, capped, and packed in boxes, the whole process being completed in one hour after the bivalves are delivered from the vessel at the wharf.

The oyster is as fixed and sedentary as a potato, and its culture is as simple as any branch of agriculture. In Europe the propagation of the bivalve has been reduced to a scientific basis, but in this country only a beginning has been made. Oyster breeding in a primitive way is practised even now on a large scale in Long Island Sound, nearly one-third of that great arm of the sea being occupied by oyster beds, the product of which is derived from the sowing of seed and is as regularly harvested as any land crop. All subaqueous farming rights are held by lease from the State, and the grounds are guarded by special police to prevent poaching. Nearly 80,000 acres of beds are under cultivation, some of them as much as eight miles from shore and at a depth of more than twelve fathoms.

OYSTERS GROWING ON AN OLD BOOT.

The oyster farmer of the Sound waits

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until the mollusks are beginning to spawn, and then deposits shells or broken stone upon the bottom. This material is called "cultch," and the baby oysters, newly hatched from the eggs, attach themselves to it, so that presently the batch of broken stone or worthless shells is converted into a bed of thriving young bivalves. It is like scattering corncobs over dry land with the expectation of picking up ripe ears in full grain at a later period. After a few months the farmer dredges up the oysters, which by that time are, perhaps, somewhat bigger than his thumb-nail, and disposes of them as "seed" to somebody that wants to plant them for future use. An oyster is ready for market at about five years of age.

In order that the theory of oyster culture may be understood, it should be explained that the mollusk in early infancy is a free-swimming animal, paddling about by the help of tiny, hair-like appendages. At this stage of its career it is very apt to be eaten by some fish or other enemy, but, if it escape this fate, it will certainly perish unless it is able to find some hard object upon which to attach itself, in order that it may be uplifted safely above the bottom mud, which otherwise would smother it. Although the female oyster—the American species is of two distinct sexes—produces about sixteen million eggs at a spawning, most of them do not hatch because of their failure to come into contact with the reproductive cells set afloat by the male in the water. Those oysters which do come into the world are exposed to so many unfavorable chances that perhaps only one individual lives in two millions, to grow up. This, on the whole, is just as well, inasmuch as the descendants of one pair of bivalves, if all survived and grew to maturity, would compose in five generations a bulk more than eight times the size of the earth.

AN OYSTER GROWING TO A CHINA DOLL.

The oyster, at the free-swimming stage of its existence, is too small to be seen with the naked eye, but, when he has settled down and fastened himself to a rock or other convenient object, he grows at a wonderful rate. At the age of six weeks he is as big as an old-time silver three-cent piece; at a year old he is an inch, or may be an inch and a half, in length. If plenty of food is at hand, it will take him only four or five years to attain marketable size, when, in all likelihood, it will be his distinguished privilege to pass off the earth as all oysters should, in man's opinion, namely, by way of the dinner-table. If, however, he is so fortunate as to escape both tongs and dredge, he may survive twenty-five or thirty years, being quite a long-lived animal.

The scientific method of cultivating oysters involves the use of so-called rearing cases, which are large flat boxes, six feet long, four feet wide, and six inches deep, with top and bottom of stout wire gauze. They are placed on the bottom in shallow water, being upheld by four corner-posts, and are arranged side by side in rows. Into each of these receptacles are put as many young oysters as it will hold, a single one containing perhaps as many as twenty-five thousand. Being protected from enemies and kept out of the stifling mud, they develop rapidly, suffering very slight loss by mortality, and each fortnight the biggest of them are picked out and transferred to fresh cases, thus making room for all to grow. Manufactured in wholesale quantities, the cases

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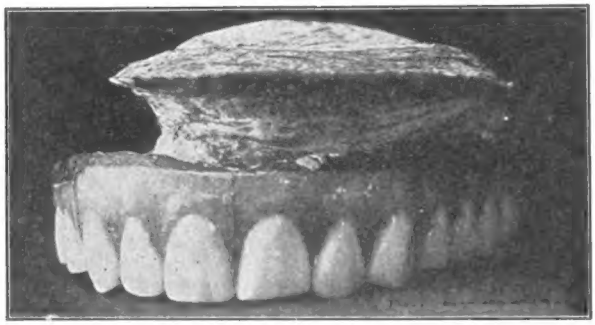

AN OYSTER GROWING ON A SET OF FALSE TEETH, NOW PRESERVED AT THE SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION.

cost about $1.50 apiece, with fifty cents per annum for repairs. They render areas of muddy bottom available for oyster growing which could not be utilized for the purpose under ordinary circumstances. The Fish Commission says that in future our oysters will be customarily fattened in tidewater ponds before being sent to market—a method which is already being tried on a small scale in parts of the Chesapeake region.

One thousand bushels of shucked oysters leave about 1,100 bushels of shells, which accumulate in great heaps about the shucking houses. The oyster shells landed on the shores of Maryland during the last ninety years have been reckoned at 12,000,000 tons—a quantity twice sufficient to overload and sink every sailing vessel, steam vessel, barge, and canal boat in America. The weight is more than the combined tonnage of all the steam vessels in the world. Until recently the shucking firms were obliged to pay money to get rid of the shells, but now they are able to dispose of them for half a cent to a cent and a half a bushel, immense quantities of them being utilized in the manufacture of coal gas, as material for roads, in the making of special grades of iron, in the construction of railway beds, as oyster "cultch," and for chicken food.

Every autumn about one hundred carloads of Eastern oysters are carried across the continent by fast freight to the Pacific coast, and are planted at the Golden Gate. They stand the journey so well that when, on a certain occasion, several carloads were lost for two months, ninety per cent. of them arrived eventually in good condition. The native Pacific oyster does not amount to much, being small and poor, and this is why the importations are made from the East. Planted in those waters, the Chesapeake bivalves are permitted to grow until they are of marketable size. They have refused to spawn out there, probably owing to the low temperature of the water, and that is why the stock has to be continually renewed.

An oyster bed is a rather complicated social organization, being like a big town, the population of which includes various classes of residents. The oysters themselves are by no means the only inhabitants. Plenty of barnacles and mollusks are there, with, perhaps, a goodly number of bristly sea-urchins, sponges of different kinds, seaworms that look like gorgeous flowers when they expand their tiny tentacles, queer-looking pocket crabs, and unpleasant spider crabs with immensely long legs, quite out of proportion to the size of their bodies. These and many humbler animals go to make up the subaqueous community, the weaker depending upon the stronger for support, just as is the case in human society. The sponges and barnacles, for example, mostly live upon, though not at the expense of, the oysters.

AN OYSTER FORMED ON A PIECE OF STICK.

Of all the places in the world, one might imagine that an oyster colony would be the most peaceful and undisturbed; yet this is very far from being the case. The molluscan town has its criminal class—its robbers and murder-

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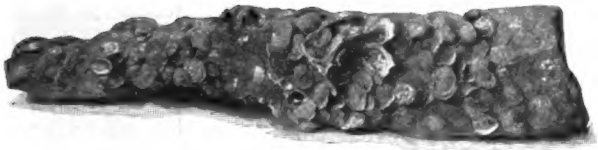

OYSTERS GROWING ON THE STOCK OF A GUN.

ers, who prey upon the reputable and defenceless inhabitants. No oyster can go to sleep at night with confidence that before morning he may not be attacked by a horrible thug with five arms, which seizes him in a loathsome embrace and literally smothers him to death in his bed. The enemy accomplishes this trick by projecting his own stomach out through his mouth and closing up with it the oyster's shell in such a manner as to suffocate the victim, who, in dying, opens his valves and permits the starfish to devour his flesh.

Starfish are apt to go about in droves, swooping down upon an oyster town like a horde of bloodthirsty savages, to massacre the inhabitants wholesale. It is estimated that they annually destroy $1,000,000 worth of the bivalves in Long Island Sound. Sting-rays, too—those horrid, flat-bodied fishes which carry barbed weapons that occasionally inflict fatal wounds upon human beings—now and then raid the beds, with such murderous effect that the latter at low tide look as if hogs had been rooting in them. The sting-ray, which is a relative of the true devil-fish—not the octopus but the giant ray that has been known to attack boats—has in the roof of his mouth a sort of mosaic pavement of bone, by the help of which he is able to crush the oysters.

Hardly less destructive is the little whelk known as the "drill" or "borer," because of its peculiar method of assailing the oyster. This it does by boring a hole through the shell of the nobler mollusk, going to work just as a man would with an auger, and using for the purpose its "foot," which is provided with sharp, rasping teeth. Then there is the large spiral "winkle," which crushes the oyster by muscular pressure—a foe to be dreaded indeed! Even the mussels, though intending no harm, are a menace to the oyster, overgrowing him frequently in such a manner as to prevent him from opening his shell; and it is the same way with the barnacles, which are particularly destructive to young oysters newly established in life.

The name "winkle," or "periwinkle," is applied to many species of large conchs, which are terrible enemies of the oyster, their method of killing him being one of sheer brute strength. Seizing upon the helpless bivalve, the greedy gasteropod envelops him in the concave under-surface of its foot, and, by just such a muscular action as you would employ in grasping an object in the palm of your hand, crushes the shell to fragments, thereupon feasting at leisure upon the flesh of its victims. The operation is quickly repeated again and again, and some fishermen assert that one good-sized conch can destroy half a bushel of oysters in an hour. The curious "sea-ruffles," or "sea-necklaces," which attract the attention of summer visitors at the seaside, are the egg-cases of the winkle. They form a string of disk-shaped, yellowish capsules, parchment-like in texture, and sometimes two feet in length. Of the capsules there are usually seventy-five or more, and each of them contains twenty or thirty eggs.

OYSTERS FORMED ON A GLASS JAR.

Not the least interesting of the inhabitants of an oyster bed are the "messmates"—those funny little crabs which live with the oysters as boarders.

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Nobody knows whether or not the oyster objects to the presence of this tiny crustacean in his house, but not being a nervous or irritable animal, it is likely that he does not mind. It is purely parasitic, finding both shelter and meals in the dwelling of the mollusk, and customarily it sits quietly in a cavity near the hinge of the shell, close by the oyster's mouth, picking up attractive bits of food that come along with the current of water which the bivalve keeps continually flowing in and out to supply his own requirements for sustenance.

Comparisons between the elephant and the oyster have been based upon the ground that "neither of them can climb a tree," but investigation shows that this remark is based upon superficial observation. Oysters do climb trees, and, along shores where the mangrove flourishes, may frequently be seen in the act. The mangrove has a cigar-shaped seed, which, when it drops into the water, is already provided with young leaves and embryo roots. It is weighted lightly at one end, so as to float upright, with the root end downward, and, as soon as it happens to arrive at a shallow spot where it can get a hold on the bottom, it plants itself and begins to grow. Presently its arching branches, bending down into the water to get fresh grips, afford resting-places for baby oysters, and after a while great bunches of the mollusks adorn the mangrove, presenting a very odd appearance when exposed to view at low tide.

From the interesting series of photographs accompanying this article, it will be evident that the oyster is not particular in his choice of a residence. Any place is good enough for him, so long as it is solid and will keep him out of the mud. An old boot is an excellent thing, or an overshoe—which they call in Philadelphia a "gum"—while a bottle or a beer glass affords a most eligible location. Throw a tin can overboard anywhere in the Chesapeake, and you will deserve to be regarded as a benefactor of the oyster race; for the chances are ten to one that it will start a brand-new colony of the mollusks.

One oyster was glad to find a roost upon so unattractive an object as a set of false teeth—a most remarkable foundation to select for a residence. The teeth were raked out of the waters of Chesapeake Bay by a dredging boat. From the hands of the dredgers they passed into the possession of a hotel keeper at Cowart, Va., whose wife forwarded them to the Smithsonian Institution at Washington, where they are now on exhibition in the Section of Mollusks. They arrived at this final resting place a little over a year ago.

News of the finding of the teeth soon reached the town of Bedford, Iowa, through the newspapers, and thus it came about that the following paragraph appeared in the *Free-Press* of that municipality:

"Fourteen years ago last July, A. Webster, one of our esteemed and respected citizens, boarded a vessel *en route* down Chesapeake Bay for Norfolk. While off Smith Creek and Point Lookout, he was taken violently seasick, and unfortunately donated an upper set of false teeth to the fishes. In December, 1898, the teeth were brought up by a dredge boat between Point Lookout and Smith Creek. Said Webster is now running a grocery and queensware store on Main Street in Bedford, and would like to have his property returned to him."

This feeling on Mr. Webster's part was very natural, and, in an appeal on the subject addressed to the Smithsonian Institution, he said: "Of course, you understand that I am anxious to get back this memento, which without doubt belongs to me."

Nevertheless, the Smithsonian authorities refused to give up the teeth, saying that proof of ownership in the case was not satisfactory.

An oyster is a much more highly organized creature than is popularly imagined, possessing a stomach, a liver, a heart, intestines, a mouth, gills that serve in lieu of lungs for breathing, and an elaborate nervous system which, taken as a whole, may properly be called a brain. Lying in his shell, his mouth is at the hinge end. By the help of a powerful muscle, he is able to close the valves of his dwelling so tight that a sharp knife and much skill are required to pry them apart; but under ordinary circumstances, when he is in his native element, the valves are held slightly open, so as to permit the food-bringing water to flow in and out.

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I.

THE sunset glow of an evening in late summer was suffusing with roseate light the vast circular plain which lies east of the great chain of Anti-Libanus, on the edge of the desert —a plain which owes its fertility to the beautiful rivers of clear water that flow around and across it.

The swifter of these, known as the Pharpar, pursues a tumultuous southern course, until it is lost in the lake that lies seven miles away from the white city, but the Abana, called by some "Chrysorrhoas," or "The Golden Stream," makes its way straight to Damascus, the most famous town of all Syria, the dwelling-place of Syria's kings.

The white dome of the Temple of Rimmon, in the centre of Damascus, gleamed like the bell of a huge tropical flower, and below, surmounting the flight of steps that led up to the shrine, the great doors of cedar inlaid with brass stood wide open, for the King was about to issue forth in state, after making his obeisance to the god of his people.

On either side of the steps were ranged the King's Archers, a body of picked men, all beyond the common height and build, and each distinguished by some special deed of valor which earned for him the reward of being near the King's person.

The captain of the company, standing midway up the steps, outvied his men in stature and in splendor of person and bearing; and there were many who, looking on him that day, whispered that he was the kingliest man in Syria, and that the time would come when Axares would lead the whole host to battle, and be in the forefront of victory. "Throw him your amulet, Ela," whispered Mandane, the bright-eyed daughter of the King's Chamberlain, when Axares rode past in the royal procession to the temple; "so will you make him yours."

But Ela, the girl to whom she spoke and who held a high place among the court beauties, shrank back, replacing the bracelet on her arm and hiding her face, for Axares' eyes had met hers with the careless indifference of one to whom the persons in the crowd were all of equal value.

Her pride rebelled from such scanty tribute to her charms.

"The Captain Axares has no need for amulets," she said, with a quiver of the lips she tried to make disdainful. "He fears naught and he cares for none."

Yet for her the brightness of the day had gone now the King's Archers were past the window at which she sat in the Chamberlain's house.

But she was wrong about Axares. For him love was no longer an unknown gift

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of the gods, and his thoughts were occupied with some one who had taken no part in the day's festivities, but whose face seemed to him fairer than any of his countrywomen. So, with his dark eyes reflective under their marked and level brows, and with his lips set in content under his short, dark beard, he stood, waiting the King's pleasure, on the temple steps.

Suddenly the inner doors of hammered gold swung open, and, preceded by the standard, a pole surmounted by his name, the King stepped slowly forward, leaning on the arm of his Captain-in-Chief, Naaman, foremost in rank among the nobles of the realm, and first in the King's favor and esteem.

Shouts of "Ben-Hadad" rent the air from the expectant crowd beneath, and Axares, giving to his men the order to salute, stepped aside to make way for the royal progress. It was a strange sight this, of the two first men in Syria, the contrasts between them bringing into relief the characteristics of each.

The King's features were of too heavy an order to be comely, and their expression, imperious and watchful, was singularly unchanging; even the victories he had lately gained had not stirred him to an evidence of enthusiasm, yet he was in many instances a just ruler and a loyal friend.

The man on whose arm he leant, not for support, but because it was the royal custom, and the prerogative of the King's favorite, was one whom he had selected always for his favor, and who for two years now had held the highest and most coveted appointment in the land, that of commander of the host, with even more than all the usual privileges and emoluments.

The King delighted to honor him, because it was he, Naaman, who, drawing a bow at a venture, with his keen eye directed towards the spot where he knew the King of Israel drove his chariot among the Jewish troops, had pierced the joints of the breast-plate and inflicted the mortal wound of which Ahab died at even.

The Jews did not resent the death of their King, for he had oppressed them grievously, and they considered that Jehovah himself had permitted his death at the hands of this heathen, but it seemed strange and terrible to them that the man in greatest authority in Syria, next to the King himself, should be this Naaman, a leper, one who, in their country, would have been isolated from his fellows, branded with a taint that debarred him from all human joys and advancements, and from participating in the worship of his God!

The Syrians, however, looked on this deadly evil in a more lenient way, and to them there was no sense of repulsion at the sight of the Chief Captain, side by side with the King, moving freely in their midst, his dark eyes shining from a face that, though unblemished in the fineness of its contour, was "white as the driven snow."

They moved together, with stately steps, down to the King's chariot with its team of beautiful Arabian horses, black, without a fleck of color on their shining skins, laden with jewelled and embroidered trappings. Behind them came a procession of high officers of court and state, and then the King's Archers closed in and descended the steps, as the priests of Rimmon shut the doors of the temple and withdrew to the inner shrine to complete the sacrifice.

So ended the obeisance of the King to Hadad-Rimmon.

II.

"My lord, what ails thee? Why dost thou look so disquieted and moody?"

It was the wife of Naaman who spoke when her husband, newly returned from his attendance on the King, sought her on the terrace, where, in the cool of the evening, she wandered with some of her maidens.

He made a gesture of weariness, and bade her dismiss those who were with her and sit with him on the parapet of the tower that looked out over the great plain. The glint of the river where it wound

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through the city was cool and peaceful, and Zeresh's hand when she laid it on his brow was pleasant to his troubled mind.

"What is it that you want, Naaman, my heart's lord?" she murmured. "Is there aught that the King has denied to thee?"

"Naught," he said briefly.

"You are Ben-Hadad's friend and counsellor, and you are the husband of Zeresh," she said tenderly, for she was possessed of great wealth, and her olive-tinted face had a spiritual charm that was rare among the full-lipped and voluptuous-eyed Syrians. "Why, then, should my lord bend his brow and gaze so sadly towards the mountains? Does he seek fresh warfare?"

THE KING STEPPED SLOWLY FORWARD, LEANING ON THE ARM OF NAAMAN

He made a sudden gesture of self-repudiation. "I would be clean," he said; "I would be as other men are, for thy sake, Zeresh, as well as for my own."

Then Zeresh, holding her peace for a moment, turned away from him and burst into bitter weeping, for this was the haunting spectre that dogged them both. And now it had risen again just at the moment when she most counted on its absence.

Naaman rose, and, telling her gently that the shadow was gone, entreated her to think no more of what he had said, but to hasten the evening meal, so that they might eat and drink, and be glad. She went, therefore, slowly to her own room, deep in thought, and her maidens clustered round her anxiously, wondering what had happened.

"Where is Merab?" she said, looking round on them all. "Go you and send her to me. I want no one else."

She sank into the carved ivory chair with its arched arms that stood in front of her polished steel mirror, and covered her eyes with one hand as though even her own reflection disturbed her. A moment later a light step crossed the room, and a girl, dressed in the loose white garments of the Israelites, stood before Zeresh, a bunch of white lilies and pinks clasped in her folded hands.

She was a girl whose exquisite loveli-

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SOME ONE PASSING THE GATE STARTED AT THE VISION.

ness was like that of a sculptured angel, so perfect in curve and contour were the chiselled features, so pathetic their pallor and the wistful gaze of the large soft eyes. She was quite young, almost on the border-land of childhood, but a world of thought and care and sad experience lay in the depths of her eyes, and in the small folded lips.

"I am here, lady," she said, after a moment, in a low, sweet voice.

Zeresh raised her eyes, and a look of pleasure came into them as she saw Merab.

"Child," she said, "I am troubled, and my lord is troubled also! Sing me one of your songs and beguile my sadness. Put your flowers aside."

"They are for you," said Merab gently. "I thought they would look well woven into your hair."

Zeresh smiled, well pleased.

Merab's beauty and tender girlish ways had captivated her heart, sore in its childlessness, from the moment when Naaman, at his triumphal home-coming from the last war, had said:

"Here is a little maid whom we made captive, from the tents of Israel; take her, she is the spoil I brought for thee; she is of good birth amongst her own people, and she seems gentle-natured. Let her wait upon thyself."

And Zeresh, taking her as a gift from the Sun-god, and touched by the tears that shone in the girl's eyes, had treated her with kindness, consoling her for her exile in many ways and giving to her all the chief duties as well as the lightest connected with her person.

Laying her flowers down on the ivory dressing-table, Merab fetched her musical instrument—a quaint, three-stringed one—and sang first a plaintive song of mourning, and then a wild barbaric melody of triumph and rejoicing.

The dark look faded from Zeresh's face, and at the end she sprang up, clapping her hands and calling to Merab to bring her silken robes and jewels, and to weave the flowers into her coronet of hair.

"I would fain look my best to-night, and win my lord from grievous thoughts!" she said. "Perchance I will send for thee to sing to him, Merab, after the supper is ended."

She swept away to the banqueting hall, and Merab went out to the garden to dream of her distant home under the stars.

As the night fell, she drew nearer to the gate, through the bars of which she could see the glimmering lights from the bazaars, and hear the tread of soldiers where they passed upon their rounds.

She might have been the spirit of purity and innocence as she stood there motionless in her white dress, one drooping hand clasping her lute, in the other a branch of white flowers.

Some one passing the gate started at the vision, and stopped, saying with a courteous salute: "The evening is good, is it

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not? Is Naaman keeping at home to-night? I would speak with him."

"He is within," answered Merab. "He sups even now with Zeresh."

Axares, for it was he, felt a thrill of passionate tenderness as the lovely eyes met his; this captive maid had a strange attraction for him with her pure, sad face, so different in its gaze to the bold challenge of the Syrian girls when their hero passed by.

He lingered and talked with her through the gate, and she was won to tell him of her life in Judæa, of the father and mother whose only child she was, and of the great temple in which she was wont to worship the God of her people.

"Will you give me one of the flowers you hold?" said Axares humbly, when at last he felt that he must not linger at the gate. "They seem to be like yourself, Merab, and I would fain keep it in remembrance of you."

"My lord does too much honor to his servant," answered Merab with proud humility; yet this warrior, heathen and conqueror of Israel as he was, seemed to her the goodliest man that she had ever seen.

He stretched his hand through the gate towards her; and it was new and pleasurable to Axares to plead for what was usually given with a readiness that deprived the gift of all its grace.

"I should prize it very greatly," he said gravely. Yet he had never asked a boon of any maid before.

She broke off a blossom from her branch, and, stepping to the gate, she laid it in his hand; then, before he could detain hers, she drew the folds of the light scarf that lay round her shoulders over her head, and with an obeisance walked away into the shadow of the trees beyond.

Meanwhile Axares, putting the flower inside his leathern doublet, passed on to the doorway of Naaman's house, and was shown in to the Chief Captain where he sat at meat.

Both Naaman and Zeresh welcomed him gladly, for he was their near kinsman, and his presence was always desirable to them.

Not only was he a mighty man of valor, but he had more learning than most of the younger men, and especially the soldiers of his time; for he was of a grave and high-souled nature, and the amusements of the court seemed often frivolous and wearisome to him.

He admired Zeresh greatly, finding a sweet unselfishness in her marriage to Naaman, and preferring her stately, somewhat frigid ways to the more free and alluring ones of many of the Syrian ladies.

He, too, found Naaman unusually silent and ill at ease; all the efforts of Zeresh to win him from his unhappy mood had been of no avail, and, sick at heart, she left the two together, and sent for Merab to the terrace to sing to her and comfort her.

The sound of the fresh young voice, with its soft lute accompaniment, was wafted across the garden to the banqueting hall, and presently Axares, attracted by it, came out to them and stood leaning against the parapet, his face in shadow, his whole soul absorbed with the beauty of the singer's tones and face and attitude.

"How fares my lord?" asked Zeresh, when the song ended.

"Not well," replied the young captain; "he seems strangely disturbed and moody to-night."

"Will he not come and listen to the music?" she continued.

"It might well soothe him to ease of soul," said Axares; "yet he would not be persuaded."

Zeresh sighed heavily. "If only—" she began, and broke off with a gesture of despair. But Merab, springing up, laid a hand upon her arm and said earnestly: "I would that my lord would go to the prophet who dwells in Samaria; then would he be cured of this malady."

"Of whom speakest thou, child? Knowest thou not that it is impossible to find a cure? The gods look down on this evil thing unmoved."

But Merab's eyes were filled with the glow of earnest faith, and she entreated Zeresh to give heed to her while she told of all the miracles wrought by Elisha.

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"BELOVED, THOU ART A QUEEN AMONG WOMEN, AND WITH THEE FOR A WIFE I SHOULD FEEL A VERY KING AMONG MEN."

"Is not death a greater thing than this?" she said. "Yet to Elisha it was naught."

"Your tales are wondrous, child," said Zeresh, a hope springing up in her heart. "I will speak of them to my lord even now."

And arising, she hurried away from the terrace.

There was silence between the two for some moments; then Merab would have gently passed Axares with a murmured word of farewell, but he caught her hand and detained her.

"Is it even as thou sayest about this prophet of thine?" he asked her.

"It is even so," she answered.

"I could find it in my heart to wish that I had been born an Israelite instead of a Syrian," said Axares; "then, perhaps, thou wouldst have looked upon me with favor, Merab."

She was silent, the hand which he held trembling in his strong clasp.

Her face was turned away from him, and he bent down to find some answer in her eyes.

"Merab," he said, and never surely had Axares' voice softened to such tender pleading, "there is naught in the wide world I would not do for thee; hast thou not a word of kindness for me?"

"I am but a captive," she faltered, trying to draw her hand away from his.

"It is I who am thy captive," he exclaimed, "to do with as thou wilt. Beloved, to me thou art a queen among women, and with thee for my wife I should feel a very king among men."

Then she lifted her face to him, and there was such a radiance in it that he knew her heart was his, in spite of all barriers that lay between them.

And with a mental vow that he would gain her freedom and cherish and protect her from all further harm, he folded her in his strong arms, and kissed the beautiful

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eyes until they lost their sadness, and shone with the joy of a great love.

Never since the first moment of her captivity had Merab known happiness and peace of mind until this night.

But alas! even at that moment the evil that jealousy can work had begun to cast its deadly blight upon them.

They did not dream that a spy who had followed Axares when he came to Naaman's house had witnessed both their meetings.

He was a servant of the King's Chamberlain, and had been sent by Mandane with a letter to Axares, chiding him for his coldness to her friend, the beautiful Ela, and bidding him come that evening to one of the terraces of the King's garden, where they would walk after supper and wait for him.

The servant, who knew that the letter was of immediate importance, learning that Axares had gone to Naaman's house, followed him, and decided to loiter until the young captain came forth.

Hidden, therefore, in a fringe of trees, he watched until Axares, quitting Merab, went out by the terrace gate, and after delivering Mandane's letter, returned and told her all that he had seen.

The blow to Ela's pride and self-esteem shattered all the love she had hitherto felt for Axares, and in a storm of furious despair she turned to Mandane to help her in gaining some revenge upon the lovers.

"That he should dare to slight me for this captive girl, this Jewess, this slave," she cried passionately; "I would that I could compass her death. Help me, Mandane; tell me how best I can avenge myself."

III.

So on the morrow, when it was known that Naaman, having received Ben-Hadad's permission to go to Judæa, had departed with a large train of chariots and horses and men, and with rich gifts for the prophet of Samaria, in return for which the King demanded his restoration to health, Ela and Mandane sought an audience of the King.

"What would you with me, fair maidens?" said Ben-Hadad, smiling, when they made their obeisance to him.

"We would tell thee of a plot that touches thee nearly, O King," answered Mandane, "since it is against Naaman, whom thou honorest. We are assured that this Merab the Israelite hath sent him on a fool's errand, knowing well that her people will take from him his liberty, and perchance his life."

Ben-Hadad's eyes flashed, and a frown gathered between his brows.

He turned and gave a brief order to one of his guards.

"Bring hither Zeresh, and the maid from Israel who is of her household."

"But that is not all," continued Mandane; "she hath another meaning in what she doth. For she hath won thy Captain Axares to love her, and she would that he may take Naaman's place as Commander of the Host."

Ben-Hadad struck the ground with his staff, and, calling to another of the guards who stood near him, bade him summon Axares also to the palace. Then he remained silent until they were all assembled, when he said to Merab: "Stand forth, and tell me of this prophet."

As she stepped forward quietly and stood in the centre of the King's Hall in her white robes, without an ornament or a jewel, and only the white band round her dark hair, she looked the loveliest woman there, and even Ben-Hadad himself was struck with the regal bearing of this Jewish maid.

With her eyes steadfastly on his, she spoke of Elisha, relating all the wonderful things that he had done, and how he was in the counsels of the King of Israel, and could tell him when the Syrians were coming to war against him and which side would win the battle. How he had prophesied the death of Ahab at the hand of a Syrian, and many other things.

Then Ben-Hadad said: "Art thou willing to stake thy life on the power of this prophet?"

And she folded her arms on her breast, and said: "I am willing."

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The King was silent for some time, looking long at Merab, debating as to what he should do with her. At last he said:

"So be it; if Naaman returns in safety and healed of his malady, thou shalt have freedom and honor; if otherwise, thy life is forfeit."

Then he dismissed them all, and Zeresh went home sorrowing and lonely, for Merab was taken to the prison hall, there to wait till news should come of Naaman.

But when Axares, heavy-hearted, would have left the King's presence, Ben-Hadad sternly commanded him to remain in the palace, and not to leave its precincts without express permission.

It needed but a glance at the malicious triumph in Ela's face as she passed him with Mandane to show Axares whose hand had wrought all this disaster, but her gaze fell abashed before the scorn of his look, and she knew that, whatever happened either to Merab or to him, his deathless love would belong always to the Jewish girl and his deathless hate to the woman who had parted them.

The days dragged heavily on, for still there came no tidings of Naaman, and still the King's order kept Axares at the palace, while Merab lay desolate in prison, only upheld from sinking into despair by her steadfast faith and courage.

Twice Axares found means to convey to her a few words of loving reassurance, but the risk was great, and it was not possible for her to reply to him.

He had made up his mind that on the day which brought evil tidings of Naaman he would manage, with the help of the King's seal, to obtain access to Merab, and, having contrived her escape, would drive her himself in a swift chariot out of Damascus. Then, if they were discovered and overtaken, he would die with her.

He had little hope of any other fate; Ben-Hadad would be implacable in his wrath if harm came to Naaman, and Axares dared not believe that such a miracle as the Chief Captain's return, safe and sound, could happen.

He was dreaming listlessly of this dreary future one day in an ante-chamber of the palace, when a light laugh rippled near him, and a flower, adroitly flung from between parted curtains, struck his lips and fell at his feet.

He made no attempt to pick it up, and a moment after, Ela, for it was she, drew the curtain aside, saying:

"They are fools who dream of the moon when the sun is shining. Is my poor flower despised, Axares?—it touched thy lips but now."

He looked away from her indifferently, while he answered:

"The lips are far away from the heart, and my heart is guarded by another flower, which was not given unasked."

Her face darkened and all its beauty vanished, as she replied:

"Merab, the captive, whose treachery will now soon be rewarded! Fool! to waste thy love on one who hath brought thee disgrace, and will bring thee death, perchance, while I—" she paused, and strove to soften the harshness of her voice —"I, Axares, could win the King's pardon for thee, if thou wouldst."

She drew nearer, and laid her fingers on his arm, but he shook them off as though they held some blight, and said:

"I have done no wrong, and I desire no pardon either at thy hands or the King's. The treachery is thine, and I would die a thousand deaths rather than owe aught to thee. Begone, or I shall forget thou art a woman in thy falseness!"

She shrank before his righteous anger, then turned and confronted him with flashing eyes.

"*She* shall pay the penalty for those words of thine," she said. "Thy punishment shall be to know that it is for thy folly she suffers."

Axares stared at her, shocked at the violence of her pent-up fury, and as they stood thus a great tumult arose in the courtyard, and many of the King's household came running through the palace, crying, "They come! they come!" while through the doorway a concourse of people could be seen and heard approaching with shouts of acclamation for some one who rode in their midst.

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"It is he!" exclaimed Ela, while a ghastly pallor crept over her face and a trembling into her limbs as she realized the meaning of this joyous welcome.

"It can be no other," said Axares, the light of a great and amazed gladness dawning in his eyes. "Hark, they are entering the audience chamber of the King; there is the summons for the Guards."

And without another word they hastened together to the great hall of the Seven Kings, where Ben-Hadad granted audiences of state.

The King was already seated on his throne and the hall was thronged, while every eye was turned upon Zeresh and Naaman, who stood at the King's right hand. And Axares knew that the miracle had come to pass, for the Chief Captain's skin was no longer white as snow, but was as other men's; his leprosy had departed; he was healed.

"I, AXARES, COULD WIN THE KING'S PARDON FOR THEE, IF THOU WOULDST."

"Seven times have I dipped," he said, "in the clay-colored stream of Israel, even as the prophet told me, and at the seventh time I was made whole!"

"It is well," said Ben-Hadad. "Bring hither Merab, the Israelite captive."

And when she came, he said: "Approach near to me."

So she went close to the King and bowed her head.

Then, taking the chain of jewels from his own neck, he laid it round hers, and turning to them all, he said:

"Know that Merab is free from this hour, and the eight talents of silver which Elisha the Prophet refused, these shall be hers; and she may depart to her own land in peace whensoever she wills it. But and if she will dwell with us, then shall she be held in honor by the Syrians, and she may ask what boon she will, it shall be granted to her."

She lifted her face, dazzling now in its beauty and radiance, and stretching out her hand to Axares where he stood apart, she said:

"If the King wills, I would that Axares would ask the boon for me."

And the King said, "He may ask."

So Axares, stepping forth and taking the hand of the Israelite before them all, said:

"I would ask that the King shall consent to our marriage, and thereafter shall permit us to visit the people of Merab, and afterwards to return again to dwell in Syria."

And the King said: "It is granted. Go in peace."

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Cliff "Climming" at Flamborough.

By Cyril Yorke

(Illustrated with photographs.)

THE long line of English cliffs of which the most conspicuous point is Flamborough Head is the favorite haunt and breeding-place of countless hosts of sea-birds, and of four kinds in particular: the guillemots, puffins, kittiwakes, and razor-bills. These are known locally as "scouts," "sea-parrits," "sea-awks," and "kit-tiakes" respectively.

In this secluded upland region, from about the end of May to the beginning of July, every ledge and projection, every crevice, every nook and corner, is occupied by a surging, chattering, quarrelsome crowd, constantly on the move, and having apparently no object in life but to push each other into space or the sea. Frequently the manœuvre succeeds, but after a short flight and a dip, back come the ejected ones, and renew the struggle for place, as often as not standing on the heads of the rest, until they can manage to squeeze in and push a neighbor or two off.

READY FOR A DESCENT.

The "climmer" is the chief of the party, and, owing to the great risk he runs, takes half the eggs. The "chief hauler" wears a belt of padded leather, through which runs one end of the "climmer's" rope.

We are not concerned so much with the birds, however, as with their eggs. The guillemot builds no nest, but lays her single egg on any bare rock where it is likely to be undisturbed. Nothing could be better suited for the purpose, to all appearances, than the steep precipices of Bempton and Flamborough. But here the sagacious bird to some extent errs, for she reckons without the enterprising cliff-climbers,

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or "climmers," as they prefer to call themselves.

The eggs of the guillemot are not only good for food, but are highly prized on account of their infinitely varied colors and marking. It is quite impossible to describe them adequately, for the simple reason that scarcely two in five hundred are alike. Some are blue, some yellowish-green or pea-green, others reddish-brown or white; some are profusely blotched or spotted; some are streaked with black or gray, whilst others have scarcely any markings at all, and can only be distinguished from hen's eggs by their shape and size.

It is believed, both by practical "eggers" and learned zoölogists, that the same bird lays the same kind and color of egg each season. Indeed, it is hard to see how she could find her own in the crowd without some such provision of nature.

Another curious fact, which is rarely commented upon, is that the egg is very large in proportion to the size of the bird, and tapers very much at one end, so that however much it is blown upon in exposed situations, it rarely falls into the sea, but merely revolves, so to speak, on its own axis. The eggs of the comical puffins—the clowns among sea-birds—are also much sought for; but these, instead of being laid, like those of the guillemot, on a ledge, are deposited in cracks and holes.

A GIANT CLEFT.

The greatest danger that the "climmer" runs the risk of is a piece of falling rock.

Let us suppose ourselves on a bright June afternoon on the highest part of the cliffs. Presently three or four men arrive on the scene, and at once arrest attention by their curious movements. Though they are all known as "climmers," only one man in each party, as a rule, actually makes the descents, receiving one-half of the eggs as his share, on account of the greater risk he runs. He first puts on what are called his "breeches," though this particular form of nether garment would be rather too airy for general adoption. It consists of a stout strap or belt fastened round the waist, with two large loops through which the climber puts his legs. The rope by which he is to be suspended is knotted to these "breeches" in such a way that it is impossible for him to fall out, even should he lose consciousness. On either side, slung like game-bags, he carries a couple of mili-

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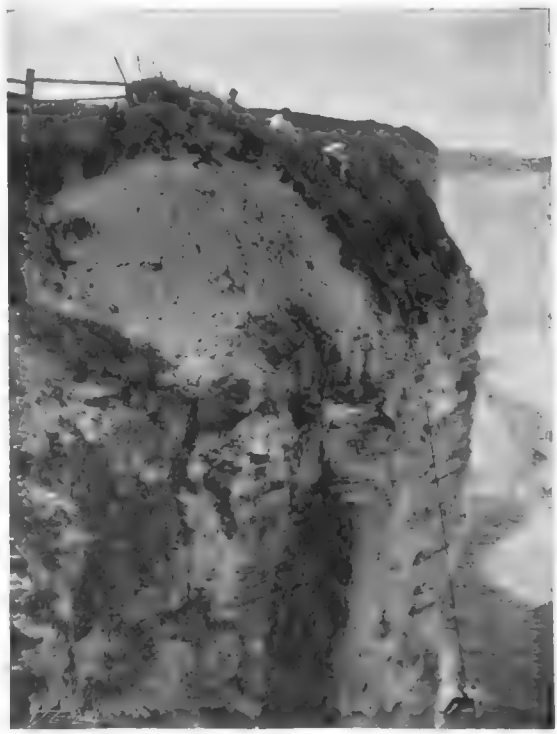
tary haversacks, in which to place the eggs.

Meanwhile, a stout crowbar has been driven firmly into the ground, and to this a second rope is attached, which hangs loosely over the edge, and is designed to assist the climber in raising himself, or in signalling to his mates above when he wants to be raised or lowered.

It will be readily understood that not every one is suited for a "climmer." A man must be not only cool-headed and able to regard with equanimity the fearful depths below, but he must know the nooks and ledges where the eggs are likeliest to be found, and he must be fairly light, or he would soon exhaust the men who have to hold him and to pull him up and down several hundred feet, perhaps as many as twenty times a day. The man who may be described as "chief hauler" also wears a belt of padded leather, through which the other end of the rope is passed. To gain more purchase he usually plants his feet in two holes dug for the purpose.



SWINGING IN MID-AIR.

Owing to the cliff overhanging, it is often necessary to push one's self off from the fall of the cliff, and gather a momentum after the style of a pendulum. At the inward swing the "climmer" picks the eggs off the ledges.

When all is ready, the "climmer" boldly walks backwards down the steep slope which in most cases precedes the perpendicular part of the cliff, and when at the extreme edge drives a spike, to which is attached a small pulley, into the earth or a convenient crack. Over the pulley he places the rope which is fastened to his "breeches," the object being to prevent chafing. Then leaning his full weight on the rope, he goes backward over the cliff, and is seen no more for a time.

Adventurous amateurs who have been through the experience say that the sense of isolation as one dangles in mid-air is really terrible. Not a sound comes from above, the murmuring cries of the birds, and the splash of the waves hundreds of feet below alone reaching the ear. On a sunny day the glare from the white chalk cliffs is almost blinding.

What the climber fears most is not that the muscular powers of his mates will be exhausted, but that a loose stone or a decayed portion of the cliff will fall on his head. A veteran climber, who had been at work on these cliffs for six-and-thirty years, met with but one accident in all that time.

From two to three hundred eggs a day is considered a good take; but two "climmers" have been known to collect between them as many as two thousand eggs in one day.

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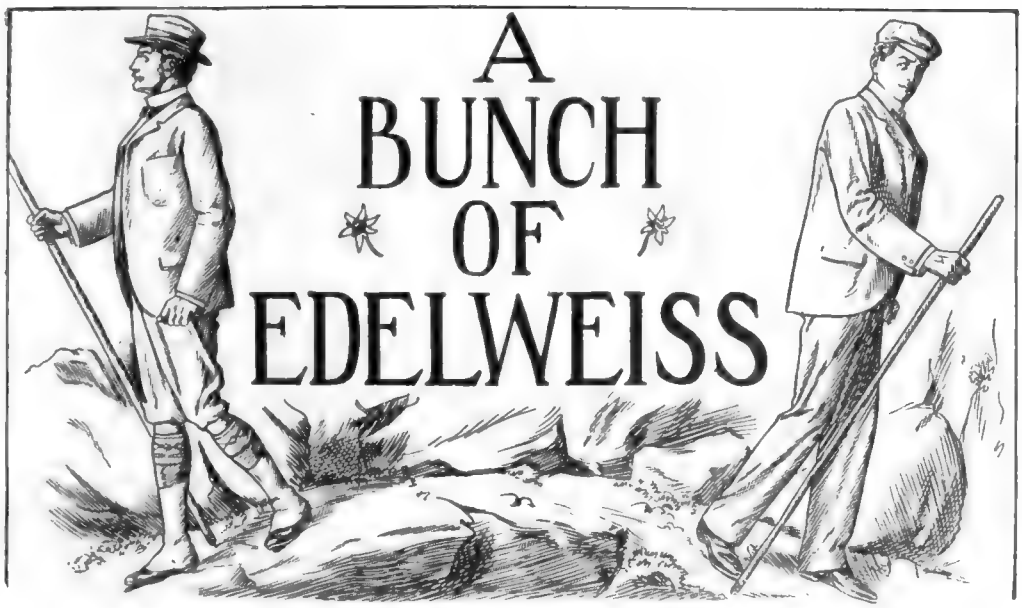

By George Gamble,

Author of "A Farrago of Folly," etc.

"And so you would really——"

"Really what?" she encouraged.

"Like a bunch of edelweiss?"

"I should greatly prize it—if——"

"If what?" he filled in.

"You—you brought it to me."

The woman made another appropriate pause. Then she went on to say that she would think so much more of the desired flower if it were plucked—for her—from some dangerous crag—well, not very dangerous, just sufficiently dangerous to show that the accomplishing was worth the attempting. She added softly that she did not want one of the dried specimens—as worn in their hats by the tourists, and offered for sale by the guides: such things seemed so easy to obtain, so mechanical, so unenticing, so—so unreminiscent. She liked her souvenirs to have some memorial qualities; and flowers purchased ready-pressed for keeping were as transient in their interest, as worthless in their emotional value, as alleged curios bought at a bazaar. Besides, concerning this particular bunch of edelweiss, this bunch of living edelweiss, she would like it for its rarity, for its difficulty, for its—its beauty. And, above all, she would like it for its suggestions of—of—devo—thoughtfulness.

Gerald heard the well-judged breaks of voice and deviations of phrase, Gerald saw the nicely guided downcast lids and tremulous mouth; but, as he also heard the melodious utterance with its sweet softenings, and as he also saw the black thickness of the lowered fringes and the red ripeness of the mobile lips, he in nowise took account of that which was well judged or nicely guided.

"And if," he said eagerly, "if I obtain your wished-for flower—the flower that I shall be only too delighted to get for you—what shall I win in exchange?"

The woman laughed.

"Ah, you men always want something in exchange!"

"Only from certain people, my dear Lillian."

"Surely it's more blessed to give than to receive."

"That depends from whom one receives—and what."

"Well, name your—your return."

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"I WANT A KISS FROM YOU AS THE SEAL OF A TREATY THAT YOU WILL—ONE DAY BE MY WIFE."

"A photograph—of——"

"Mont Blanc?"

"Certainly not!"

"What? Not of the 'Monarch of Mountains'?" she asked playfully.

"No; of the Queen of Women—and of Men," he answered earnestly.

Then ensued a voluble silence.

"But," murmured Lillian, "when one gives a photograph—one promises the original. Now I——"

"Have done that in advance," reminded Gerald, taking her hand—also a kiss.

"Don't be stupid as well as greedy," she admonished. "They'll see you from the windows of the hotel."

"Granted—if they can see through a clump of pines."

"Oh, those people could see through a brick wall, if they thought on the other side sat a pair of——"

"Fools?"

"Friends."

"And we would sharpen their sight still more: are we not a pair of lovers?"

"That," she replied evasively, "would not interest them. They only unshutter their eyes, they only crane their necks, for people who are going to be lovers. The folly accomplished, they are interested no more. So, if you still want to be accounted interesting—and I assure you that *I* do—you will not let any one know that we're engaged."

"Especially as I've so little money," he said bitterly.

"Well, don't remind me of it," she murmured, "or——"

"You will forget me entirely?"

"Or I'll love you more than ever."

"Why? you delicious enigma!"

"Because, if you remind me that you are only a good-looking pauper, I shall have but yourself to think of, and not your future property. And then I shall be as

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helplessly in love with you as you are—or as you say you are—with me."

The clause—cunningly restrictive—in her last sentence, brought about its desired result; and Lillian had the satisfaction of hearing her lover renew his protestations of fondness. Suddenly, remembering a certain appointment, she bade her devoted admirer go forth upon his search for that bunch of edelweiss—the floral emblem of noble purity, constancy, truth, and several other fantastical things.

Gerald had not long departed when his place was taken—literally and figuratively—by another man. The in-comer was of about the same age and height as the out-goer—twenty-seven years and sixty-nine inches. He was dark, whereas Gerald was fair; but as Lillian was "between colors," she had no predilection or disinclination for either complexion. And she had more than one reason, if not excuse, for encouraging this man to talk.

"How I wish, my dear Miss Hurst," he began pleasantly, "that I could plant this arbor in my grounds at home!"

"Surely you could have a similar one built?"

"And twelve more like it," he said, laughing.

"Then why desire this particular one?"

"Because of its past associations—and——"

"And?" she questioned archly.

"And its present contents," he concluded.

"You could afford even those," she murmured.

"Yes, I'm not a poor man," he said quietly.

"No; you have my friendship."

"A woman's friendship is either the legacy of her love or the alms of her indifference."

"Well?"

"Well?"

"Go on."

"I'm neither a mendicant nor a legatee. That is to say, my dear Miss Hurst, that I'm not so—at present. But as you've up till now (kindly or unkindly, I don't know which) refrained from telling me if there is any chief claimant on your emotional bank-book—I am not yet aware as to whether I shall be beholden to your charity or to your good will. We attract hearts by the qualities we display; we retain them by those we possess. Now you, no doubt, have powers of selection as well as of attraction and retention, and—I'm not sure that you will so select me. But I'm positive that I'm not echoing a merely local sentiment when I say that you are as rare and worthy as a bunch—nay, a bundle—of edelweiss."

At that she confessed to him one of the dearest wishes of her heart. He smiled; he sighed; he spoke:

"And so you would really——"

"Really what?" she encouraged.

"Like a bunch of edelweiss."

"I should greatly prize it—if——"

"If what?" he filled in.

"You—you brought it to me."

The woman made another appropriate pause. Then she went on to say that she would think so much more of the desired flower if it were plucked—for her—from some dangerous crag—well, not very dangerous; just sufficiently dangerous to show that the accomplishing was worth the attempting. She added softly that she did not want one of the dried specimens—as worn in their hats by the tourists, and offered for sale by the guides: such things seemed so easy to obtain, so mechanical, so unenticing, so—so unreminiscent. She liked her souvenirs to have some memorial qualities; and flowers purchased ready-pressed for keeping were as transient in their interest, as worthless in their emotional value, as alleged curios bought at a bazaar. Besides, concerning this particular bunch of edelweiss, this bunch of living edelweiss, she would like it for its rarity, for its difficulty, for its—its beauty. And, above all, she would like it for its suggestions of — of — devo — thoughtfulness.

Francis heard the well-judged breaks of voice and deviations of phrase, Francis saw the nicely guided downcast lids and tremulous mouth; but, as he also heard

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the melodious utterance with its sweet softenings, and as he also saw the black thickness of the lowered fringes and the red ripeness of the mobile lips, he in nowise took account of that which was well judged or nicely guided.

Some words of some women would not deceive a cretin or a philosopher; if by those words most men are deceived, it must be that most men are unreasoningly susceptible to beautiful lines and colors, to sweet sounds and suggestions.

However, although Lillian certainly repeated herself, Francis just as certainly repeated Gerald; and although the first was purposeful and the second unwitting, the woman nearly laughed as she noted that the one man continued with almost the identical words of the other.

"And if," he said eagerly, "if I succeed in finding your desired flower—the flower that I'll be only too happy to gain for you—what shall I gain in exchange?"

"Oh, you men! How you repeat yourselves!"

"My dear Miss Hurst! What do you mean?"

"That you men always want something in exchange."

"Well, I don't want a kiss from you as——"

"What!" raising voice and brows.

"I don't want a kiss from you as something in exchange for my flower; I want a kiss from you as the seal of a treaty that you will—one day be my wife."

Lillian started; Lillian smiled; Lillian said that she would give him an answer when he brought her a certain bunch of edelweiss. Made confident by the woman's smile—a smile of apparent surrender—a smile of seeming agreement—the man, with but few further words, set forth upon his commissioned quest.

Alone, the coquette sat thinking. She recollected that Gerald was poor, and that Francis was rich. And she went on to remember concerning her own position. She was twenty-five, and, well, very far from hideous; she called no one mistress or master; she had no encumbrances, not even parents; she had no "past," not even a short one. And then she remembered that, although her income was not large, it was larger than Gerald's; but that, although he was very fond of her, she could not pretend that he loved her for her money: had he not postponed their marriage till his prospects should widen, till that weakly dodderer, his uncle, should depart for a better—another world? Still, as squeaking doors hang long, it was probable that some one would get tired of waiting for some one else; and even if he did not get tired, but went on to—to lose her, he would soon get over his fruitless devotion, his unmistakable devotion, his positive, absolute, undying devotion. Yes—she knew that Gerald loved her, and she knew that she did not hate him; but there—she would soon recover from her—her fancy. And then she would be able to enjoy the wealth of the other man, the wealth that was nearest.

And so, in that little bower of gentle solitude and blissful innocence—beside those unblighted trees, beneath those unworldly clouds, before those uncalculating mountains—Lillian Hurst decided that the wealth that was nearest was the wealth that was dearest, decided to dismiss Gerald—nicely, and to accept Francis—condescendingly. And as for the edelweiss, she forgot it.

After many hours of walking and climbing, of trudging and clambering, the two men chanced to meet. Each liked the other; each lived unaware that the other was his rival. Therefore they joined company with little hesitation and less regret. They would have experienced nothing of either of these emotions, but for their separate general quest. Both had been unsuccessful; both knew the difficulty and the danger of their task; both cared not at all for the danger; both were fearful only of not meeting with a specimen of the desired flower, of having to return to a certain woman empty-handed. Neither thought of the possibility of chancing merely upon a single bunch; neither at that moment would have greatly troubled if he had so thought: because, then, neither knew that the other was in search of the rarity—

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especially not, that it was to pleasure the same princess. Accordingly, after a while —naturally all unconsiderate of the last-mentioned innocence, and still without thinking of the aforesaid possibility—each confided to the other that he was looking for a bunch of edelweiss. Both laughed. Neither breathed a name—*her* name.

Following more walking and climbing, more trudging and clambering, Gerald caught a glimpse of a tuft of the desired edelweiss. He did not shout; he did not laugh; he made no sign; he merely wondered if the flower had been seen by Francis. The men stood on a mountain path; at one side, stretching heavenward, rose a great cliff, at the other dropped a great chasm. In this narrow but unleapable gulf, about three feet down the face of the opposite wall, on a little projecting rock, grew that one tuft of edelweiss—shy, solitary, retiring, remote.

"Has he seen it?" wondered Gerald.

"Is it accessible?" speculated Francis.

Both stopped.

"Look at that fine cloud above us!" said Gerald.

"And at this great cliff behind us!" said Francis.

Both turned.

"What rugged and noble majesty!" cried Gerald.

"What solemn immensity!" outcried Francis.

Both ceased.

"He hasn't seen it," Gerald decided.

"I can get it," Francis determined.

Both waited.

"Well, we don't seem to have a great deal of luck."

"No; perhaps it's because we are together."

"I vote we try separating," proposed Gerald.

"I second that well-timed vote," agreed Francis.

"We'll go different ways, old man."

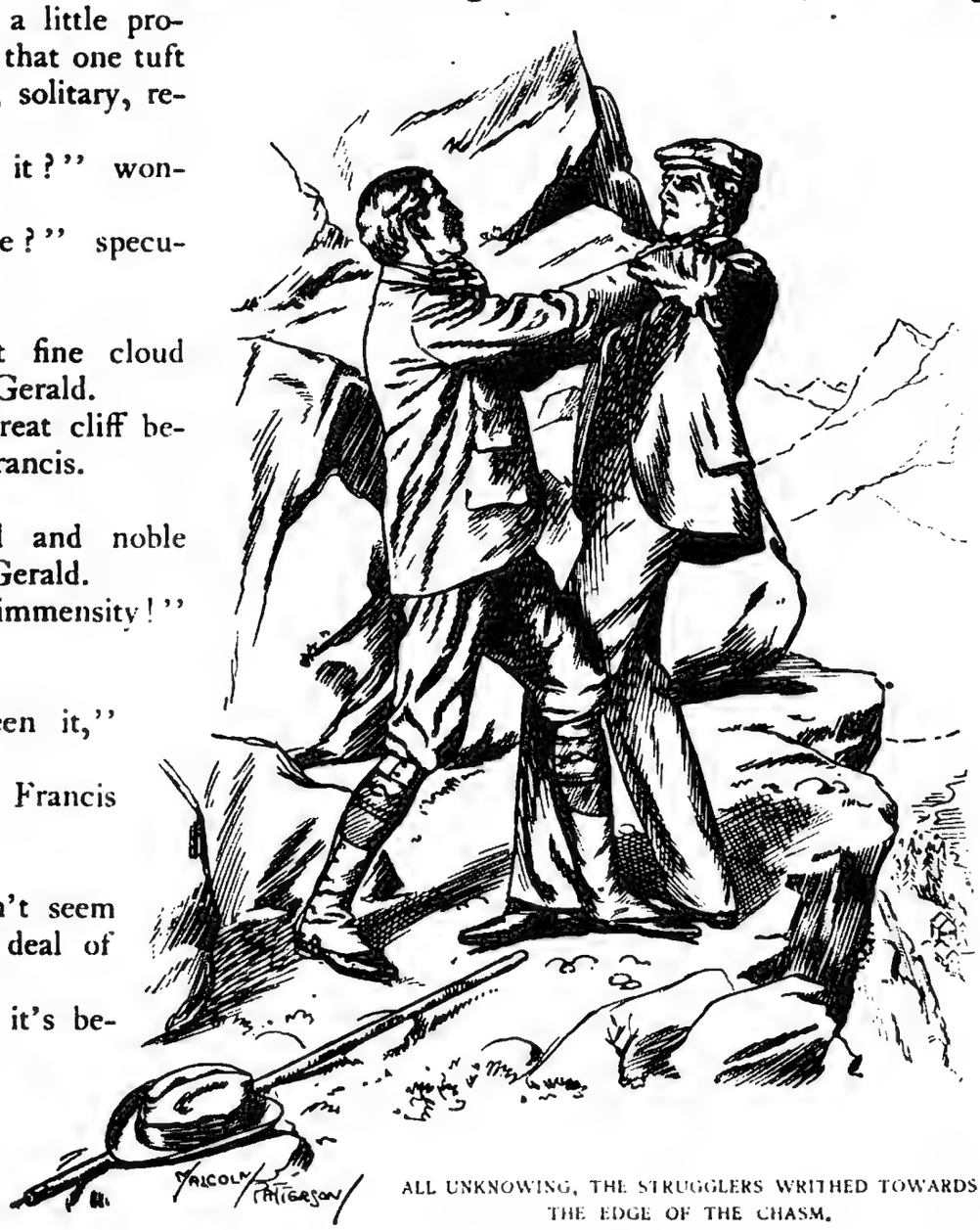
"We'll have to, if we want to separate."

"I mean that I'll go this way—you that."

"Each down the road."

"What do you infer?"

Both stood facing the cliff; both, having their backs to the chasm, had their backs to the flower: each wondered if the other could see through his occipital bone. However, Francis went on to explain that, as the road (or, rather, path), although it jutted from the cliff like a shelf (or, rather, step), yet formed in itself a hill, and that, as they were both at the top, each, by turning his back on the other, and moving



ALL UNKNOWING, THE STRUGGLERS WRITHED TOWARDS THE EDGE OF THE CHASM.

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THEY ADVANCED SIMULTANEOUSLY, AND PLACED IN HER LAP EACH THE HALF OF A BUNCH OF EDELWEISS.

straight forward, could go *down* the road. They did so, first agreeing to meet on the same spot in an hour's time. As each, descending in a diametrically opposite direction, lost sight of the other, both started to run.

Gerald raced down *his* side of the sloping path till he came, as he judged he would, to a place where he could outflank the chasm. Scrambling, sweating, swearing, he toiled back again—only, this time, on the flowerward side of the gulf—till he almost reached his ardently wished-for blossoms. Francis had done a like thing: with the exception that, not having quite so far to go, he had done it a trifle quicker. When Gerald reached the identical spot, Francis was just getting up from having lain down and reached over and snatched off the prize.

"I saw it first!" shouted Gerald.

"I *got* it first," muttered Francis.

Panting and sobbing with their late exertions, they faced each other. The farce was turning to a comedy. They grinned; they glared; they growled. The comedy was merging into a drama.

"Give it to me!" Gerald demanded.

"It's mine!" Francis declared.

"Sneak!" howled Gerald.

"Thief!" roared Francis.

As Gerald made a desperate snatch at the emblem of noble purity, Francis unwittingly let it fall to the ground. Gerald stooped for it. Francis pushed him off. They clinched.

Separate, these two young men were merely two warm coals; linked, they blazed into a fiery mass. Rage smote them dumb, deaf, blind. In strength they were about equal; in agility Gerald was slightly the better; in determination Francis was slightly the better. It would have been well if one had been greatly the other's superior; as it was, the fight promised to last longer.

Moment succeeded moment, and the struggle continued. Each had determined that, happen what might, he should be the one who would lay the little bunch of

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edelweiss at the feet of Lillian Hurst. Backwards and forwards swayed the men on the narrow ledge. Neither would release his hold of the other. Every moment they became more mad, more irresponsible for their actions. They had forgotten all else but Lillian and the edelweiss, and each was determined to go to any length rather than relinquish the innocent little flower which was to secure for him a partner in life.

All unknowing, the strugglers writhed towards the edge of the chasm. They drew near; they drew nearer. And still locked in a fierce embrace of fury, madness, murder, these two victims of a woman's caprice—and of their own youthful folly—wildly swayed with half their bodies leaning over the deadly gulf.

In the mean time, Gerald's mother, miles away in the garden of that quiet hotel, sat reading. She had just received three letters, which had followed her about the Continent. The first informed her that her brother was ill; the second, that he was dead; the third, that he had left the bulk of his fortune to his favorite nephew, Gerald. Sorrowing at her brother's new death, rejoicing at her son's new life, she ran forth to tell the mingled tidings to her friends. The first she met was Lillian, to whom she sobbed and smiled her tale. The women embraced—curiously enough. Then the elder wished to know where was her boy, and the younger said that he had gone to pick somebody a nice bunch of edelweiss. The elder hoped that nothing would happen to him; the younger echoed this hope quite fervently. And she arranged—with herself—to tell Francis "No!" and to ask Gerald "When?"

God alone knows what thoughts boiled and bubbled in the brains of those two furious men while fighting on the chasm's edge; they themselves could not have told: all that each was aware of was a fierce desire to get his opponent beneath him. At last the determination of Francis wore down the agility of Gerald; and Gerald succumbed. As he felt himself beaten, the anguished man, for the first time during the fight, found his voice:

"Lillian!" he moaned. "Lillian!"

Instantly the grip of Francis relaxed.

"Was—that—flower—for—her?" he panted.

"Y-e-e-s," sobbed Gerald; "for whom else?"

Soon they were friends again; at any rate, they were calling each other nothing stronger than "fool." The potential tragedy revolved backwards through drama and comedy nearly to positive farce. The ex-fighters had compared notes.

Some hours afterwards, when they had descended the depths of remorse and mounted the heights of rejoicement, when they had brushed each other down and otherwise removed the stains of their struggle, when they had crawled back arm-in-arm to the hotel, and when they had found the smiling Lillian seated in the bower of gentle solitude and blissful innocence—they advanced simultaneously, and placed in her lap each the half of a bunch of edelweiss.

"It is somewhat bruised and faded," began Gerald.

"But is the more emblematical," continued Francis.

Lillian stared.

"Yes," said Gerald gravely, "and we have each brought you the half of a single bunch in order that we may convey to you a suggestion of our devo—thoughtfulness; and a sense of our admiration of your ability to play a double game. And that's all."

"And that's all," echoed Francis.

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A SCENE FROM RACINE'S TRAGEDY OF "ATHALIE."
From an original drawing by her Majesty the Queen.

QUEEN VICTORIA AND HER FAMILY AS ARTISTS.

By Margaret Collinson.

Though the members of the British royal family have all received the most careful and elaborate of educations, none of them, with the possible exception of the Princess Louise, has displayed a peculiarly striking gift in any art or science, and no doubt this is for the best, especially with regard to those who have been called upon to fill the highest positions.

Yet a great many of the royal family have shown artistic and literary gifts in a minor way, have etched and written as amateurs and for their own private amusement. Celebrated among these is Victoria's grandson, the Emperor of Germany. It would be difficult to name any science or art that his Majesty has not tried his hand at. He delights in chemical experiments and photography; he is continually drawing plans for new and improved battleships; he is an artist of no small power, as his picture, "The Yellow Peril," conclusively proves, and his talents as an orator and a poet are quite con-

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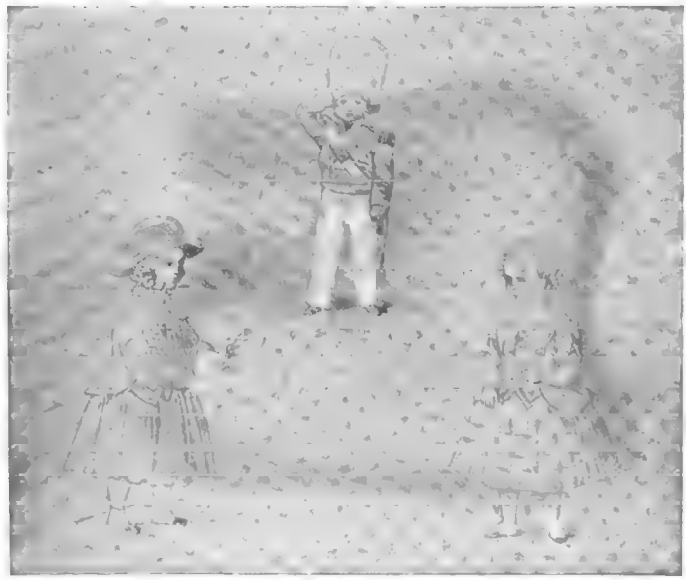
siderable. It is needless to expatiate on his oratorical gifts; all who have read the daily papers have read the Kaiser's speeches, and it is known how his poetry has been received with warmest praise.

Queen Victoria published, now many years ago, two books illustrated by herself, and has done, moreover, many paintings and etchings which never have been, and in all probability never will be published. Two of the latter, however, we have been fortunate enough to secure, and together with a really charming drawing by the Princess Royal, that is, the Empress Frederick of Germany, they form the illustrations to the present article. Though the Queen attempts landscape and figure painting, her favorite subjects are animals, and her favorite English artist is the greatest of all animal painters, Sir Edwin Landseer. The portraits of her various pets, though little known to the general public, have delighted those who have had the privilege of seeing them. Of the two etchings given here, the larger one shows a group from some private theatricals which took place at Windsor. It is a scene from Racine's tragedy of "Athalie," and I think every one will admit that, although there is a certain labored stiffness in the pose of most of the figures, the picture as a whole shows no small talent. The drapery of the figure standing in the left corner is very skilfully done, and the two little children kneeling at the throne are both graceful and pretty.



THREE PICTURES OF PRINCE ARTHUR (NOW DUKE OF CONNAUGHT): "OUT WALKING," "ON PARADE," AND "AT HOME."

Drawn by the Queen.

Several of the Queen's children were used as models for the characters. The central figure of Joas upon the throne, for instance, was Prince Arthur, now Duke of Coburg. Little Zacharie, kneeling to the left of the throne, was Princess Louise. Of the group on the right, Abner, shown with a helmet upon his head, was the Prince of Wales, and the other two characters, Agar and Athalie, were Princess Helena and the Princess Royal, respectively. On the left of the picture Joad, wearing a turban-like head-dress, was Princess Alice.

The other drawing consists of three separate portraits of the Duke of Connaught, as he appeared in 1853. The one shows him in military uniform and a great busby, the other two in walking-costume and indoor costume respectively. It is said that the Queen has done many such portraits of her children, but most of these are to be seen only by members of the family, and I hardly think that the outside public will ever get a sight of them.

The delicate little etching by the Empress Frederick, though in a very unfinished state, shows a quite unusual gift for drawing. The picture is supposed to symbolize the advent of the New Year. The New Year, a baby with a star on its

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forehead, is being borne earthwards by a band of angels. One angel holds a crown over its head, and one is blowing a trumpet to announce its approach. There is a lightness of touch, an easy suggestion of movement, and a delicacy of outline in this little drawing which seem to me to indicate the hand of a true artist in embryo. The picture was drawn in December, 1854, the year of the Crimean War.

Of all the members of the royal family Princess Louise is, without a doubt, the most gifted artist. Those who have had the privilege of seeing her paintings declare that they show a great deal more talent than the works of many a well-known painter who hangs his canvasses year after year on the walls of the Royal Academy. But the Princess has tried her hand at even more ambitious work than painting, as the statue of the Queen in front of Kensington Palace attests.

One may say that photography has risen within the last five years or so from a mere craft to a fine art; not only long and strenuous practice, but an inborn artistic temperament, are necessary to the making of a good modern photographer. Of the English royal family the Duke of York and the Princess of Wales are devotees of this newest art. The Princess's photographs are said to possess no ordinary merit. She has taken nearly all the members of her family, singly and in groups, and when, shortly after the relief of Ladysmith, the Queen visited London, and the enthusiastic crowd gathered outside Buckingham Palace, the Princess came on the balcony with her camera and took a photograph of those thousands of upturned faces.

THIS DRAWING OF ANGELS WAS BY THE PRINCESS ROYAL (EMPRESS FREDERICK OF GERMANY), AND WAS EXECUTED IN DECEMBER, 1854.

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FOR VALOR.

By Huan Mee.

I.

"Of course, I know. It's that cub Hamilton."

The girl started to her feet and looked down with scorn at the man, who still kept his seat.

"That cub Hamilton," he repeated fiercely. "I was a fool to speak to you."

"What do you mean, Colonel Graham?" she asked coldly.

"Who should know better than you?" and he impatiently twisted his iron-gray mustache. "Who should know better than you, who have so skilfully led me on until, in a fool's paradise, I fancied that you, a child compared with me, thought a little more of me than a friend. I, who have never bothered a snap of the fingers about a woman for over twenty years, thought that you had grown to care for me. You, a child! Curse me for a fool! The woman-hater converted—and rejected!"

Only a sigh from the girl broke the silence.

"Played the fool with like a boy," he cried angrily. "Led on skilfully, inch by inch, until all has been gained, and then you retreat, smiling because a man, one whom you, in the springtide of youth, would call old, has loved you and been refused—has loved you and been scorned."

"Not scorned," she cried, laying her hand on his, and the dimness in her eyes became a tear upon her cheek—"I did not know, I did not understand."

"You did not know?" he answered, rising impatiently, and catching her slender wrists in his grasp. "For two weeks we have been thrown constantly into each other's society. You have left other men, younger men, more fascinating men, and sought your pleasures next to me. You have walked with me, and the only one you seemed to favor was myself. Is that so, or not?"

"Yes."

"You have given me, an old man, more of your smiles than all the others put together. Is that so, or not?"

"Yes."

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"You have led me to believe that you cared for me, simply to scorn me and laugh at me. It is a scalp at your belt, a feather in your cap, Miss Tremaine."

"You do not understand," she answered. "How could I know, how could I guess, that you would grow to care for me? You are one whom the world has called a woman-hater, and to you what little charms we have, count as nothing. I wanted you to take an interest in me, to be my friend, because——"

"Well?"

"Because you are Captain Hamilton's colonel, I wanted you to be also his friend."

"Go on!" he viciously interjected. "You love this man!"

"Yes," she said quietly, "I love him, and because you are his colonel I wanted you to have some regard for me; to help Frank on, because you knew us both—because, perhaps, in a way, you had some regard for me."

"In a way," the man whispered. "In a way. Great heavens! In a way!"

"How could I guess that you would care for me, save as a girl? You are——"

"Say it," he cried, "say it—'you are so old.'"

"No, no. I would say, you are so different from the others. You have told me of your life, your hopes, your ambitions."

"I have spoken to you as I have spoken to no woman before," he answered coldly. "I have spoken to you as a woman I counted would be my wife. It was a mistake, an error that only an old man could make. Good-by."

"You will forgive me," she pleaded. "Your words have stung me, they have made me feel almost ashamed. You understand all things."

"I understand all things," he answered gravely, as he raised her hand to his lips.

"And—" she hesitated.

"And Captain Hamilton, eh? He shall have the surest chance of promotion and fame that I can give him."

"GO ON!" HE VICIOUSLY INTERJECTED. "YOU LOVE THIS MAN!"

"You are as good as I thought you," she answered, and so, still smiling and courteously grave, he left her; and it was gradually, almost imperceptibly, that that smile tightened down into a sneer.

"Captain Hamilton!" he whispered, as he strode through the streets—"Captain Hamilton! And I am now his fairy godmother, to look after him, and advance

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his welfare until he can take her from me. A boy, a boy who would forget her in a month, would tire of her even before she had found that she had tired of him! Captain Hamilton, eh?—curse him! But, there, I am becoming as young as he. Men are so easily killed in India's little wars, and women so easily forget in India—and elsewhere! Let Fate work its own way, for Fate has promised her to me!"

II.

India's little wars! People in England scarcely notice them at all. There is always some restless tribe to be taught that England does not set her hand to the plough and then look back, always some mountain skirmish, always some trivial battle, always some insignificant list of killed and wounded crowded into a corner of the newspapers, that no one, save those who have cause to scan such details, worries about. It was one of these trivial errands that England was now undertaking. Colonel Graham's brigade, ridiculously small, as all English brigades are when upon a punitive expedition, was moving northward for the purpose of quelling an insurrection among the hill tribes.

It was insufferable work for every one; tedious to the extent of making a man wish for anything that might bring relief to the dead monotony of the march under a blazing sun; all hard work, with not a chance of honor or glory, for it was the littlest of India's little wars.

"What a life!" Captain Hamilton interjected, as he wiped his forehead. "I wish to Heaven we could meet the devils and get it over!"

"And it's rougher for you than the rest of us," one of his comrades answered.

"Rougher for me? How so?"

"Well, the Colonel," the man answered hesitatingly.

"The Colonel?"

"Yes, the Colonel," another impatiently blurted. "Don't fool about, old chap. You know the beast is down on you. Any dirty job to be done, it's 'Where's Hamilton?'; any one to be slanged, it's Hamilton; any man in the regiment to be made an example of, it's one of Hamilton's division. Good heavens! if I had been in your place, I should have been court-martialled by now and dismissed from the service with ignominy for striking my superior officer. How do you bear it?"

"Well, it's the girl at home I'm waiting for," Captain Hamilton quietly responded. "I must win promotion, and I shan't gain that by getting kicked out of the regiment."

"But what's the row?"

"Oh, can't you guess? The Colonel fell in love with the girl, and, God bless her! she preferred me."

"And he knows?"

"Eh, he knows. But there, drop the subject, boys. Life's hard enough without sitting down and bemoaning one's fate. There's the bugle! Only wait until we meet them, and then, perhaps, promotion for me, and I'll leave Colonel Graham behind me!"

"Captain Hamilton!"

The man rose sharply and saluted.

"We shall attack the enemy at dawn!"

"Yes, Colonel!"

"Try and keep your company in its proper formation, and not straggling about like a set of raw recruits!"

"Colonel!"

"Don't answer me, sir!"

"I will answer you. You've no right to insult my men, the finest set of fellows in the British army! Sneer at me if you will, sir; insult me before the regiment, if it pleases your paltry little mind; but, by heaven, Colonel, be fair! Be fair to the men!"

"Consider yourself under arrest, Captain Hamilton, for insubordination!"

"And I, too, Colonel," another exclaimed, rising to his feet. "I speak for all of us. Your treatment of Captain Hamilton is a disgrace to the army, and to you as an officer and a gentleman."

"Then, by gad, it's mutiny" the Colonel exclaimed, turning pale with fury.

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"A mutiny by my own officers on the eve of an engagement!"

He strode to and fro in the tent, gnawing his mustache, with his sword clanking behind him at each impatient stride, and then his features froze to that mask of sardonic jeering politeness that all who met him knew so well.

"To your stations, gentlemen, if you please; the bugle is about to sound the advance. We will discuss our personal differences after we have settled those of our country." And with a stiff bow he left them.

"I wish you chaps had let me fight my own battle," Hamilton wearily exclaimed. "There'll be a devil of a row about it, and disgrace for all of us!"

"Disgrace be hanged! Graham will think twice before he starts a court-martial on the whole of his officers. For the Lord's sake, let's be off, thrash the cusses, and get back!"

"Lawrence is always so optimistic; he forgets that the cusses, as he calls them, have got rifles as good as our own men, and some of us won't get back," one of the men remarked as he buckled his belt.

"Oh, go hang! The howitzers will rout them out of the rocks, and then we'll see who's who."

"Silly plan of attack! Graham must have learnt tactics at the Kindergarten school, and naturally Hamilton's got the dirtiest job."

"Come on, boys," Captain Hamilton interjected; "don't let's stand here grumbling. I don't mind; in fact, I rejoice at it. My men are all good, we've got the most dangerous position, and it gives us all a chance."

"Bully for you, old chap! I wish I'd got it."

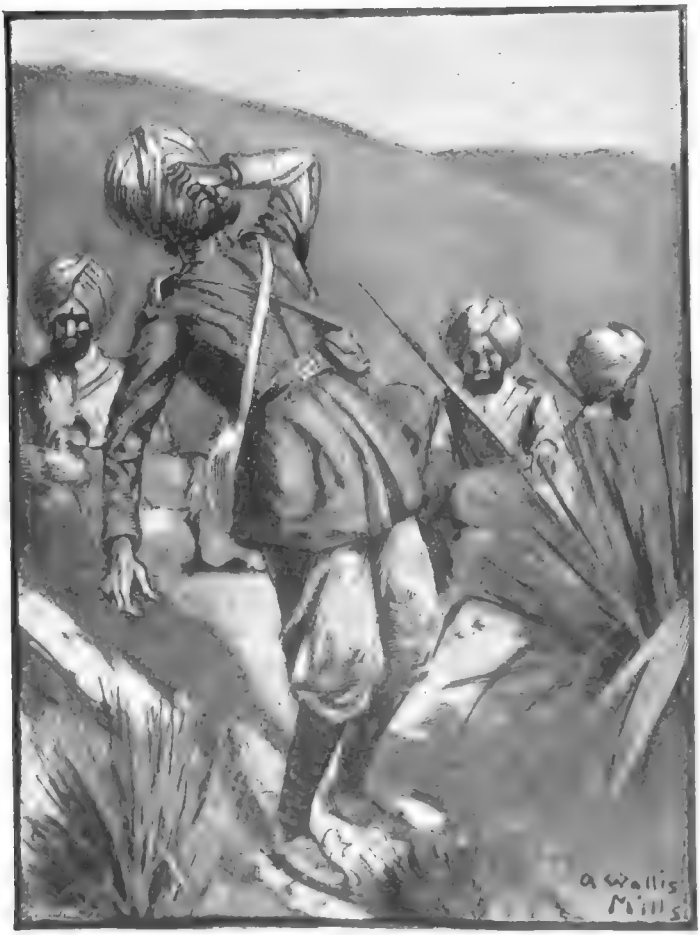
The men walked out of the tent, and as they emerged into the darkness Colonel Graham cantered up.

"Captain Hamilton!"

"Here, Colonel!"

"Your division will change with that of Captain Lawrence, and you will form the rear-guard, and not advance until the position is taken. The post I gave you is too responsible for you."

"Very well, Colonel!" and five minutes afterward the divisions moved slowly through the blackness, forward to the deeper blackness of the hills beyond.



NOW THEY WERE WITHIN RANGE.

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In a flash the dawn broke, and the columns in the long shadow of the hills steadily advanced, spreading themselves out to east and west as they approached the two passes which gave the only access to the rugged heights held by the rebels.

And far in the rear came the division that was to stand by and not fire a shot until the position had been taken and the flag hoisted.

"Well, after all, some one's got to command the rear-guard," Hamilton murmured, "but he might have given me a chance!"

There was a puff of white smoke up on the hill-side, a few seconds after a crack, and a shower of dust was flung up well in advance of the first division.

Then the howitzers began to speak, and with a roar flung their shells like rockets into the hollows of the hills, and seemingly with no effect save to cause an occasional helter-skelter from one point to another; but under the protection of the batteries the divisions advanced toward the passes, and a man dropped and grabbed at the dusty grass, with agony upon his face, showing that now they were within range.

THERE WAS A WILD HURRAH—THE FIRST OF THE STORMERS HAD REACHED THE BROW OF THE HILL.

Only a little war, a skirmish with the tribes, and yet the howitzers shrieked and whistled an accompaniment to the answering rattle of the rifles, with their incessant crack, crack from above. There was no precision or order in the firing; it was simply the response of a disorderly horde, and in which each one, from a position which seemed impregnable, carefully picked out a man and waited his opportunity.

The sharp sting of shells makes even a seemingly impregnable position uncomfortable, and before the howitzers tired of casting in the air the missiles that appeared so often to fall harmlessly, there was a scurrying in the rocky defiles, a disorganized mob making for higher up among the hills. Then the bugles sounded, and the regular military fire of the English-drilled troops brought down half of those who were climbing to the farther heights.

Again the bugles! And best sound of all, the advance. With a rush the men made for the position, while above them roared the shells from the protecting howitzers.

"Let Captain Hamilton's division advance at the double," Colonel Graham instructed, "we need no retreat-guard." And a few moments later the captain saluted his commander.

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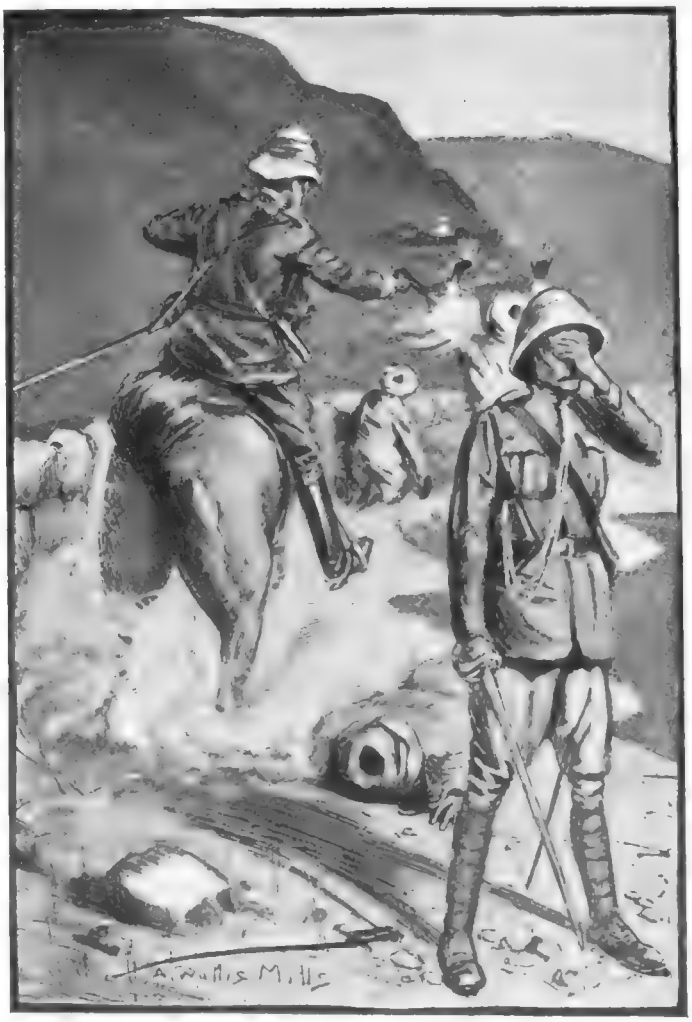
"Push your men to the top, Captain Hamilton—the victory is but half completed. Give a good account of yourselves, and turn the skulking scoundrels out. I don't think they've got much fight left in them now."

And as the men, all longing to finish the affair, dashed forward, Colonel Graham stood and watched the storming parties mounting the hill upon every side.

From five points now the attack was being made simultaneously, while the firing from above showed its traces in the thinning ranks of the assailants.

It was Captain Hamilton's division that seemed to take all Colonel Graham's attention. The men were storming the most inaccessible, the best protected part of the heights, and though the shots rained about him, the Colonel's eyes were on that man in the forefront of the battle.

"Men die easily in these little wars," he murmured, and still kept his eyes fixed on the party slowly moving toward the top. He drew his breath with a gasp; Hamilton had gone at last—he saw him reel and fall; but no, up again—it was only a slip. "Curse him! his life is charmed." There was a wild hurrah—the first of the stormers had reached the brow of the hill. The desultory firing gave place to a steady rattle, which increased as each division gained the summit and drove before it the defeated and panic-stricken rebels.



HIS REVOLVER SPOKE SHARP AND BITING.

It was all over and all useless. He had sent his captain to what seemed certain death, and the captain had escaped—come through it with glory, and would return and marry her! unless he could put him where there could be no escape. He followed sharply toward the crest of the hill, and as he did so, his eyes caught sight of a group of half a dozen natives huddled together in a crevice—just a few that had been missed by the storming party, and who had slunk away to hide till nightfall.

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He turned his back upon them, knowing that they would not discover themselves by firing upon him, and climbed to the top with his pulses beating and his heart burning with excitement. All was not over yet. It was dastardly, but no one would know. He would cover the dead man with glory in his despatches. He would become sentimentally her friend by that, and then—one of these days——

"Captain Hamilton!"

"Here, Colonel!"

"You've redeemed yourself. I shall mention you favorably in my despatches."

"Thank you, Colonel!" and the man's face flushed beneath the grime of the battle.

"The second and third divisions are completing the rout?"

"Yes, Colonel."

"Then let the remainder form up."

The man saluted and turned upon his heel.

"See to the wounded, and——"

"The work is going on now, Colonel."

Colonel Graham swallowed something in his throat, and caught his captain by the arm.

"By that boulder, there," he said, pointing half-way down the hill, "I dropped my case."

"I will have it searched for."

"Get it for me yourself. It contains private and official documents. I will await you here."

For an instant they eyed one another, and it seemed to the elder man that the younger had read his thoughts, and knew that he was ordered to his death. But it passed away, for there was only a slight smile of amusement upon the Captain's face that he should be sent upon an errand of such a kind, as he stepped over the ledge and commenced the descent.

"He must walk suddenly into the midst of them," the Colonel muttered, as he wiped his forehead and moistened his lips. Then he walked sharply away for a few steps, stopped, and strolled back and gazed over.

"Why don't they shoot him?" he gasped, and then flung his arms in the air like a man who drowns.

"No, by God! I can't, not even for her. Hamilton! Hamilton!"

The man below heard the sound, and, waving his hand in reply, took it for a direction to commence the search.

Then he suddenly stood erect and caught the revolver from his belt. There was a sharp crack, and a howl from a crevice in the rock, and then half a dozen men made a rush for him where he stood. They carried no rifles, only their swords, and the man who watched understood that the Captain's life was due to want of ammunition when he passed them. The Colonel's better purpose was accomplished, and he turned away—turned away with a rush, and dashed for a horse that had been tethered near before the attack.

"Not even for her!" he cried, as he tore the reins loose, and flung himself upon the horse's back.

"How could I marry her? How could I look into her face again?"

There was another crack from below, and he drove the horse madly toward the hill-side, where it balked the descent, and, pawing the air, gave him a glimpse of the scene below—Hamilton with his back to the rock, one man dead, and five swarming around him.

With an oath he tore round, galloped in a short circle, and came to the edge again.

"Jump it, you devil, jump it!" he shrieked, and brought his fist down with a crash on the horse's head. Then like a thunderbolt they dropped. There was a thud that nearly shook him from the saddle, as the horse struck the steep side with his four feet together.

"Not even for her!" he gasped again, as they slid down the hill, the terrified animal flung back upon his haunches. Then, before a moment had passed, he was in the group. It was more level there, and his revolver spoke sharp and biting. Hamilton was down—the rescue was not a moment too soon. The man making a swinging cut at him dropped dead with the circle half completed, the others died as they ran.

"You've saved my life, Colonel," he panted, "me, the one to whom you owed least; the one who has caused most trouble

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in your regiment. How can I thank you? It was the most gallant deed the world has seen."

"Don't be a fool. I sent you down here to be shot, and then thought better of it. I believed all was fair in love and war, but, confound it, it isn't! If you care to be a friend of mine now, more fool you; but if you do, I'll make a jackass of myself by dancing at your wedding!"

III.

"To Colonel Chesney Graham, the Victoria Cross, for conspicuous bravery in saving the life of Captain Hamilton."

The man read the paragraph again and again, and grew whiter as he read it.

"I can't take it," he muttered; "I can't take it, and I can't refuse it! Come in, Hamilton."

He rose and seized the outstretched hand of his comrade.

"For God's sake, help me! You're the only one who knows the truth. I can't accept it. I can't go about a living lie. I can't wear a cross for valor; I, the one who——"

"You must, you shall! If you mention a word of the past, dead and forgotten, I will say you are a madman, a——"

"I say I cannot, and I will not! My heart sickened when your wife spoke of the past and what I did. My soul revolts at the deep friendship she has given me, so that I hold the place in her heart next only to yourself."

"Will you let her decide and guide you?"

"Tell her all, Hamilton?"

"Yes."

"No, no! I cannot see the gratitude in her eyes, which seem always to thank me for your life, turn to wonder, and then to horror-stricken contempt."

"I can give you no better advice. Give her your confidence first, and she may advise you to keep the world in ignorance."

"When?"

"Now. She will be here directly, to be among the first to congratulate you."

The man gazed stonily before him for a moment, then nodded his head, and Captain Hamilton opened the door and held up his finger warningly to the girl who entered.

"Is anything wrong?" she whispered.

"It's about the Cross," he answered. "The Colonel does not think he should have it."

"Not have it?" she exclaimed, with wide-open eyes. "Not having it for saving your life?" and she walked over and placed her hand on the man's shoulder. "Colonel Graham, it's the worst compliment I've ever received. My husband's life not worth the Victoria Cross, indeed!"

"Tell her," the Colonel interrupted, and then he started to his feet and faced them both.

"No, let me tell you all myself!" he cried fiercely. "You know the past, my dear. You know I was an old fool who thought you could care for me, but what you don't know is this: I promised to help your husband and yet hated him, and put every indignity upon him that one officer could put upon another. When we had stormed the heights and won the position, I still hated him, because I'd hoped he might be taken and I left"—the man hesitated, and Captain Hamilton took up the thread of the story.

"Yet," he cried excitedly, "when he saw me there, surrounded by those who would have satisfied his wishes and left me dead and you free, all that hatred vanished, all thought of what my fate would mean to him faded away. He forced a horse sheer down that break-neck hill, and rescued me out of the very jaws of death.

"Was it not worthy of the Cross? And yet he hesitates and asks your guidance whether to take it or reject it."

The elder man extended his hand and took that of his captain.

"If the Cross be for valor, there is greater valor in saving one's enemy than one's friend," she answered, gravely adding, "He must take it," and both men bowed their heads and accepted her decision.

"For valor," she said, and stooping, touched his forehead with her lips.

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HOW A GREAT CITY IS CLEANED.

By C. Montgomery M'Govern.

It is a task of enormous magnitude to clean up a big city like New York, and the system by which the work is done is nothing short of wonderful.

How many people are aware that in New York City almost 3,000,000 cartloads of dirt are gathered up by the Street Cleaning Department in a year? That is to say, such a large amount of dirt is cleaned up in this city in one year, that if the 3,000,000 loads were placed in separate, individual carts, like those used by the department, and all the carts were placed in a straight line, they would reach from New York City, through the earth, to the surface of Australia, if it were possible to cut through such an impossible avenue.

But the mere number of loads handled by the department in a year does not give any adequate idea of the immensity of its work. It would be a big undertaking to go to a mountain, shovel out 3,000,000 loads of earth, and then drive off a dozen miles and dump the 3,000,000 loads into the sea. That job, however, would be but a trifle compared with the task that confronts the Street Cleaning Department of New York. Not only must the latter remove that great number of loads, but, in addition, it must gather up that much dirt by mere handfuls. Besides this, all of the dirt in the 3,000,000 loads must be kept carefully separated into three different kinds of refuse, loosely classified as garbage, ashes, and "paper and rubbish." In the first class must be gathered all sorts of vegetable and organic matter for which the citizens have no further use; the second class embraces ashes and the sweepings of each household, as well as the sweepings of all the streets; while in the third class are gathered all kinds of refuse not included in the first two. It follows, therefore, that as "paper and rubbish" must be gathered such objects as bottles, rags, pasteboard boxes, empty tin cans, excelsior, straw, old shoes, old rubbers, carpets, mattresses, and old clothes, as well as worn-out furniture and a thousand other things that the average person would never know had existed until he had seen them strewn about in one of the city dumps. It will be readily appreciated what an infinite amount of work must be done to gather 3,000,000 cartloads of such material and to keep it separated.

And when the collection and division of this great quantity of refuse is accomplished, only one-half the work of the Street Cleaning Department is done. When the 3,000,000 loads have been gathered they must be disposed of in a manner that will not only be best for the public health, but good for the public wealth as well. It costs $4,500,000 to gather and dispose of this New York refuse every year. However, it is proposed by a clever scheme to dispose of the city refuse in such a way that, instead of the work costing the city $4,500,000 a year, the city will actually *make money* by the handling. This scheme will be outlined presently.

Why the city's refuse must be kept divided into three classes is a matter not difficult to reason out. It must be apparent to every one that, once all this dirt has been removed from the houses and the streets, it must be disposed of in a manner that will be satisfactory to both the residents of the city and to those living in the city's vicinity. And to do this is not easy. In a small city it is of course plain that all sorts of refuse can be gathered in carts, then taken to low ground a few miles from town, and dumped there in order to fill in. But when it comes to the disposal of the refuse of 3,000,000 people—and people who, like New Yorkers, buy, and therefore throw away, so much meat and poultry—the problem of what to do with the city refuse requires a very different solution. For example, it would be a horrible menace to public health to

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dump this garbage of New York in the vacant lots in the city's neighborhood.

Not so very many years ago it was the custom for New York to place all this refuse on scows, and send it out to sea, where the scows were dumped. As might well be supposed, many objections were raised against this method by people living along the seacoast, for the waves promptly sent much of the garbage back to the shore.

Nowadays the law requires that all the city garbage must be burned, and burned in such a manner that no deadly gases can escape. Ashes and sweepings are still dumped at sea, but occasion discomfort to no one, as they readily sink to the bottom. All the "paper and rubbish" is thrown together, and then gone over by large gangs of laborers, who pick out everything that is at all salable, after which the residue is mixed with the ashes and sweepings and disposed of with them.

BALING REFUSE PAPER IN THE OLD-FASHIONED WAY.

It requires an army of 7,000 men to keep New York clean (and this number does not include any of the large army of "extras" that are put to work temporarily by the department to remove snow and ice after a big storm in winter). This number of employees is indeed large, but it is not half nor a quarter as many as would be required to do the work that is done if the operations were not carried on by such perfect system. The great majority of these 7,000 are called sweepers, and are stationed on regular beats throughout all the boroughs. Each is provided with the white duck uniform which has given the force the sobriquet of "White Wings," and each is equipped with a hand-cart, a scooper, and a combination scraper and broom. Every sweeper has a specified number of yards of street to sweep and keep clean, and while some of them are compelled to sweep their section only once in a day, most of them must pass the broom and scooper over their sections twice, while others, who are stationed along very busy and crowded streets, are compelled to sweep their specified number of yards as often as eight times every twenty-four hours. Every man gathers his sweepings into little piles a couple of hundred feet apart, and when he has finished sweeping a block he goes back and shovels the piles, one by one, into canvas bags in order to prevent the wind from scattering the dust. The hand-carts are designed to hold each bag open while being filled with the sweepings, and as the bags are filled they are placed on the curbstones to be taken up later by a second employee, who is provided with a horse and dump cart.

There are three kinds of horse-cart men in the department, but all are uniformed alike in a brown duck suit, their badges only being different in design. One set of these drivers is assigned to go from house to house and empty the contents of the household garbage cans into the carts. The second set of drivers is assigned to go from house to house also, but instead of emptying garbage cans they confine themselves solely to the household

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ash-pans. While emptying these into their wagons the drivers are instructed to take up all bags of sweepings which the sweepers have left on the curbstones, and take both bags and ashes to the nearest city pier. Here the ashes and garbage are kept separated by the garbage being dumped over one side of the pier, while the ashes fall to the scow moored to the pier's opposite side. The canvas bags are not thrown away at the dump; they are emptied one by one over the scow, and then handed over to the department "washers," who clean and dry the bags and return them to the sweepers from whom they came.

Every householder in the city is directed by the department to have his filled garbage can and ash-pan on the edge of the sidewalk in front of his house by seven o'clock every morning, and to leave them there until the drivers have called. With the "paper and rubbish," however, the system is different. Every householder is supplied by the department with a red card about a foot square, on which are lithographed in white the characters P & R. Whenever the householder has rubbish to be taken away, he is compelled to keep it in his cellar or shed—anywhere out of sight of passers-by—and to put the card in his basement window. As it is not every householder who has rubbish to throw away every day, the drivers of the "paper and rubbish" carts are saved no end of time by this posting of the signal cards, as otherwise they would be compelled to call at every house whether they were wanted or not.

TAKING REFUSE PAPER IN THE NEW WAY—500 POUNDS ARE BUNDLED AND PRESSED BY MACHINERY IN A FEW MINUTES.

On account of the bulkiness of the material gathered by the "paper and rubbish" cart drivers, these men are provided with a different type of cart than that of the collectors of garbage and ashes; for while the latter can be dumped, the former must be removed by hand. Like the two other sorts of refuse the "paper and rubbish" is brought to the nearest city pier, but it is placed on a scow by itself.

It is interesting to follow one of each kind of scow and watch how its cargo is finally disposed of. With the dumping of the garbage and the rubbish on the scows the city ends its expense for the time being, and begins to collect revenue. Of course it would be impossible to take a large load away on each scow, unless the stuff had been shovelled into proper place on the boats, and formerly the city was compelled to pay for several hundred employees to do that work. Nowadays the city finds many contractors willing not only to do that work free of charge to the city, but to pay the city a handsome sum for that exclusive privilege. Accordingly, last year the city derived some $50,000 and *saved* many thousands more than that by letting the privilege to an Italian. This man has a large gang of laborers constantly at work on each scow, who while at work extract enough good food from the garbage to supply themselves and families. The bones they pick out from the garbage heaps are the property of their

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SHIPPING REFUSE PAPER TO PAPER MILLS, WHERE IT IS REMADE.

employer, and so are the objects they pick out from the "paper and rubbish."

Scarcely anything is left aboard the "paper and rubbish" scows by the laborers to be mixed with the ashes. Each man in the gang goes over the scow with a pitch-fork or a shovel in one hand and a bag in the other, and each picks out a different sort of object—one taking beer bottles, another milk bottles, a third medicine bottles, a fourth man picks out carpets, a fifth old shoes, a sixth old rubbers, another old tin cans, and so on—and when each has filled his bag he empties it into one of the two dozen big bins built beneath the dump. Any one whose stomach will allow him to brave the smells will feel well repaid for his trouble if he goes into one of these dumps and looks at the brimming bins. It would break the heart of any prohibition man to look upon the stack of empty whiskey bottles, so incredibly numerous are they in each dump. Every other common object is present in eye-opening numbers, and it is hard to believe that even in a large city so much can be thrown away every twenty-four hours. The day I was visiting the place the inspector pointed to a heap of tin cans, which was the height of a man, twenty feet long, and about the same in width, and told me that he had figured out that on Manhattan Island alone householders throw away that quantity of tin cans every single hour in the day. A photograph of this heap of cans appears on another page.

When four scows of garbage have been gone over by the laborers, a tug is attached and the scows are towed down the river, through the bay, and by Manhattan Beach to a small place called Barren Island. Here the garbage is turned over to a private company by the city, they having contracted for a few cents per ton to destroy it within a couple of days. This company can well afford to make away with the garbage at a small cost to the city, for the reason that every ton of garbage they receive is itself worth so much money in their pockets. They take all the garbage, place it in huge boilers, and, at little trouble or expense, obtain an ingredient used by soap manufacturers.

When the scows of "paper and rubbish" have been gone over by the pickers, there is so little left in them of anything that it is not worth while to dispose of it separately, so, as stated before, it is mixed in with the ashes. The scows on which the latter are placed are of a specially constructed kind. When four of them are filled they are towed out to sea, and, when a couple of miles from land, by the mere turning of a crank all of the scows are emptied in a few seconds.

This system would seem to most of us as being the most perfect imaginable, but it is far from satisfactory to the experts in charge of the Department of Street Cleaning. These gentlemen think that the city would save, and indeed *make* money by building a big plant and treating the garbage on its own responsibility. They think, too, that it is an unnecessary waste to dump ashes at sea while there is so much low land along the water front that could be filled in with the ashes at a gain

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IN A SINGLE HOUR THE PEOPLE OF MANHATTAN ISLAND THROW AWAY A PILE OF TIN CANS AS LARGE AS THE ONE SHOWN IN THE ILLUSTRATION.

to the city, and they think, in the third place, that the city should do its own picking of the paper and rubbish, and thus gain for itself what now goes into the pockets of the contractors. The head of one of the divisions of the department tells me that they have every reason to hope that in a few years the Street Cleaning Department will have its system perfected up to this point, and that then the city will find the department supporting itself.

Plans have already been prepared for the erection of this city garbage crematory, and its construction will be begun so soon as the Municipal Assembly passes the necessary appropriation. In the matter of utilizing the ashes which were formerly thrown away at sea much has been done; several dangerous shoals in the East River are now being turned into valuable city property by the depositing above them of the city ashes, and many owners of property along the rivers are using the city ashes as fillers-in. As to the future treatment of "paper and rubbish," an ambitious scheme has been evolved. The test plan has proved an entire success, and the whole scheme will shortly be put into general operation. The department concluded a few years ago that not only could it make money by picking over the rubbish itself, but that, by the use of machinery, it could make more money by the transaction than the contractors were making by doing the work in the old manner. Accordingly it built an experimental station at the foot of East Eighteenth Street, and this has been in successful operation ever since. To this place is brought all the "paper and rubbish" from three districts, and here it is sorted not only more rapidly than by the old hand method, but in addition the picking is much more thorough, and thus more money is derived from the waste.

This plant consists of a steel belt 200 feet long, fixed, endless chain fashion, first around a roller on the ground and next around a roller 100 feet away. At one end of the belt all the "paper and rubbish" is dumped from the carts, while at the other end is the mouth of a furnace, the belt moving slowly from the heap of rubbish to the furnace. Some two dozen men stand in two lines on either side of the belt, each man with a barrel at his side. At a signal two men pitchfork the

THE STREET SWEEPINGS ARE TAKEN AWAY BY WATER.

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rubbish on one end of the moving belt, and the rubbish is drawn slowly towards the furnace. As it passes by the two lines of men, however, each of them picks out a different sort of article and throws it into his particular barrel, one man picking paper, another shoes, another tin cans, etc., just as the men pick over the rubbish on the scows, only some ten times faster, and much more thoroughly, so that by the time the rubbish has reached the mouth of the furnace there is absolutely nothing left in it that has the least commercial value, the residue being such things as broken boxes and dirty paper. But even these leavings are turned to account, for as they fall into the furnace they make all the heat necessary to generate the steam that turns the belt, thus furnishing the spectacle of city waste not only being converted into cash, but actually performing the major portion of the work by which the converting is accomplished.

SORTING RUBBISH. A MOVING BELT, COVERED WITH RUBBISH, PASSES BETWEEN A DOUBLE ROW OF SORTERS. THE ARTICLES OF VALUE ARE PICKED OUT AND SOLD.

Only a tiny portion of the city's rubbish is sent to this place, as the experimental plant is but a small one, yet the man who operates it found it paid so well last year that he was glad to pay the city $4,000 for the privilege. When a plant of sufficient size to take care of all the city's rubbish has been erected, it is expected that the city will derive a fortune from its operation. Full plans for this plant have been prepared by Charles Meade, the expert in charge of the Final Disposition Division, and the erection will be begun the moment the city votes the necessary funds.

But of infinitely greater importance to the city than the amount of revenue it can derive from the treatment of its waste is the great improvement in public comfort and public health that comes from a city thoroughly cleaned. New York, it must be admitted, did not begin to become a clean city until the late Colonel Waring, in 1894, took charge of the department. In the ten years preceding his *régime* New York had a yearly death-rate of about 26.78. With cleaned streets (that is, cleared of garbage that used to be left in the streets) the rate immediately dropped, and kept on dropping until today the city of New York has the lowest death rate of any metropolis in the entire world.

It cannot be claimed, however, that the system is perfect. While, among its other good points, the method by which the effects of a heavy fall of snow are cleared away is the envy of nearly every other big city, so small a matter as a fall of sleet is allowed to make the streets dirty and dangerous. A visitor to New York after a slight snow-fall might well suppose that no such department as that of Street Cleaning was in existence. A coating of mud renders streets and sidewalks unfit for pedestrians, although the problem of overcoming the nuisance is by no means so hard as many which the department has coped with in a conspicuously successful manner.

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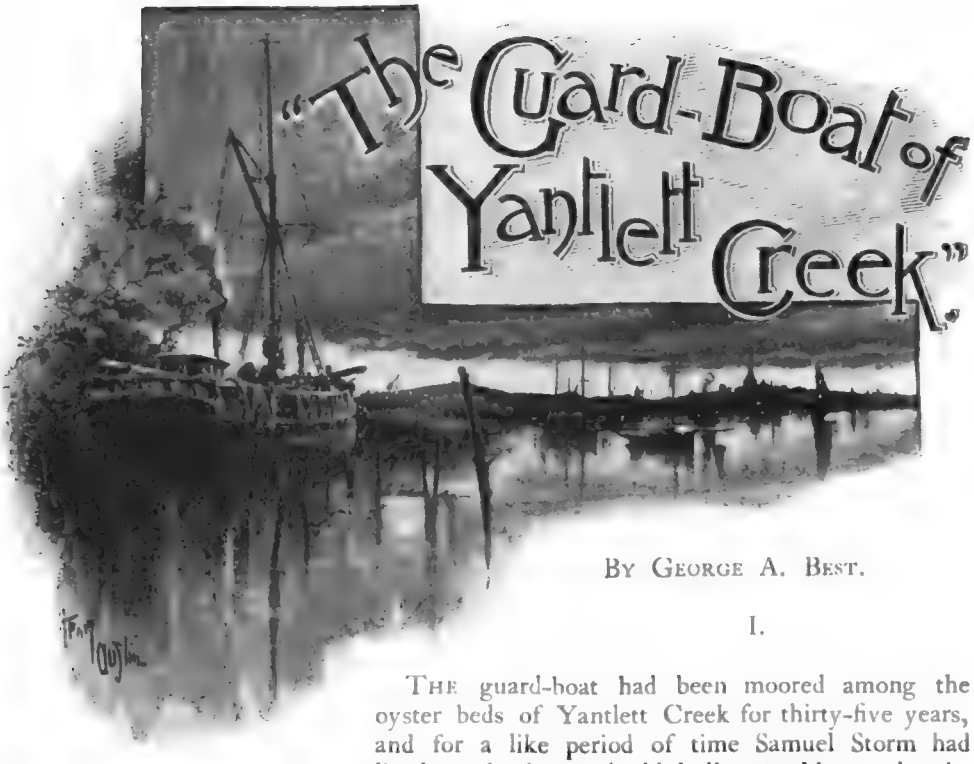

"The Guard-Boat of Yantlett Creek"

By George A. Best.

I.

The guard-boat had been moored among the oyster beds of Yantlett Creek for thirty-five years, and for a like period of time Samuel Storm had lived on the battered old hulk, watching and waiting for the oyster thieves who had never yet appeared on Yantlett waters.

Storm was placed in charge of the guard-boat in the year 1835. He was then forty-eight years of age—a naval reserve man who had fought under Nelson's flag at Trafalgar, and as fine a specimen of an old-time salt as could be found in the country.

In the earlier months of the same year Storm's wife had died of cholera, and a few weeks later his only son was sentenced to a lengthy term of imprisonment as the acknowledged leader of a band of smugglers who had long eluded the vigilance of the local preventive service. These dual calamities were mainly responsible for Samuel Storm's acceptance of the complete guardianship of the oyster beds of Yantlett. And during the whole of his incredibly long and unnecessarily rigorous vigil the old salt had never once set foot on the quay of his native village, which lay a mile or so to the west of the guard-boat.

Storm's weekly supply of provisions and tobacco was regularly landed on the hulk by the local storekeeper; and on the first day of each month the dinghy of the elaborately appointed yacht owned by Jabez Powerscroft, the millionnaire oyster farmer, was rowed alongside the guard-boat by one of the yacht's crew, and a small sum of money placed in the rough hand held out to receive it. From these two visitors, supplemented by an occasional word or two from the lips of oystermen and smack owners, came the only information respecting the dreary and monotonous life of Samuel Storm.

And as the years rolled by, many changes occurred in the quiet village of Yantlett. The storekeeper died and was succeeded by his son; the village church was destroyed by fire; Samuel Storm the younger was released from prison, and the hamlet itself gradually changed in aspect as the older buildings disappeared, one by one, to give place to newly erected boarding-houses and residential bungalows.

But the oyster beds still remained to give employment to a new generation of

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dredgers, and the old guard-boat yet strained fitfully at her anchor-chains with the ebb and flow of each succeeding tide.

On the first day of October, 1870, the "Cleopatra's" dinghy made her usual trip, and Samuel Storm stood in the bows of the old hulk to receive his wages.

"Good morning, Sam," said the yachtsman heartily. "I've got some rare news for you this journey. There's going to be a big change, old man."

"Aye," ejaculated the ancient mariner indifferently, holding out his hand for the money as he spoke.

"It's just this," said the yachtsman, "Mr. Powerscroft has purchased a new guard-boat, so you'll have to turn out of this rotting old tub into new and more comfortable quarters. This thing isn't fit for a pig to live in!"

Storm staggered as though he had received a violent blow.

"Do you mean to say as I'm to leave the old guard-boat what's been my home for wellnigh thirty-five years?" he gasped brokenly. "Why, I know every nail in the vessel, an' even the few old rats aboard have learned to come out when I call 'em!"

"What's nails got to do with it?" asked the visitor irritably. "You must be hard up for company, if you can't find anything more sociable to talk to than vermin and rusty nails!"

"P'r'aps *you*'ve got a wife an' kids, mister," answered the old salt slowly, and in a softer tone; "them as has wives an' kids don't take no interest in ordinary things what can't talk, an' they can't understand how a lonely chap like me can come to love a few old planks, an' mourn over a dead rat or spider. It'll just kill me to leave my ship now; and if you'll tell Mr. Powerscroft that I'd rather die than see her broke up, p'r'aps he'll send the new craft elsewhere, an' just let me go on as I am."

"It isn't a new craft, Sam," said the yachtsman with an amused smile. "It's an old Calais smack which the governor bought up cheap at an auction over there, and——"

"An old Calais smack!" interrupted Storm with flashing eyes. "Calais is in France, isn't it?"

"Somewhere in that locality," answered the visitor calmly; "but what has that to do with it, anyway?"

"This much!" roared the old sailor furiously. "It's got this much to do with it—I'd sooner set fire to my boat an' be burned alive along with her than I'd put foot on an enemy's craft, let alone make a home of her. Tell Mr. Powerscroft that a man who fought by the side of Nelson isn't a traitor! Tell him that if any French craft appears in these waters I'll sink it, single-handed, and maybe go down on my ship with the Union Jack flyin', as I've seen many another good vessel go down. Ask him if I haven't served him faithfully for five-an'-thirty years an' never lost a single oyster by theft; and then ask him why Sam Storm should be put on a boat what's carried the Queen's enemies!"

"Don't be a fool!" ejaculated the yachtsman bluntly, "you're earning Mr. Powerscroft's money, and you'll have to do just what he wishes. France is no longer an enemy of ours, as you'd know if you took the trouble to row ashore now and again."

"If the French are no longer our enemies, it's a disgrace to the country!" cried Storm, with the unreasoning obstinacy of a very old man. "Have Englishmen forgot who killed Nelson? Does a paltry five-an'-thirty year blot out the memory of such a man as him?"

"I've no time to stay arguing any longer," interrupted the yachtsman. "And I shan't carry any insulting messages to your employer for your own sake. If you take my advice, you'll just make yourself comfortable in the new guard-boat, before you say too much and get the sack! You'll be better off here than in the poorhouse, anyway."

For the first time in many years the old salt drew himself up to his full height.

"Here's my month's money!" he cried, flinging his wages into the dinghy as the yachtsman pushed off. "Tell the

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owner of these beds that I've give *him* the sack, an' took the old boat in exchange for my wages! It's all she's worth to *him*, but she's more precious than all the French navy to *me!* He can bring a new English-built boat into these waters, with a fresh watchman aboard, if he likes; but, as I said before, I'll sink any Calais smack —aye, an' a hundred Calais smacks, should they come within gunshot!"

The owner of the Yantlett beds was vastly amused by a recital of the strange interview between his yachtsman and the occupant of the guard-boat.

"The old fellow is evidently insane," he remarked indulgently. "I must pension him off, and get a younger man for the job. What do you think of his son, Tom Storm?"

"A decent, hard-working chap, sir," answered the yachtsman readily. "Seems quite a reformed character. He was never a bad fellow at heart."

"Has old Storm seen him since his release from prison?"

"No; he has never forgiven Tom, and for that reason, sir, I think that, perhaps, it would be better to engage a stranger. If Storm recognizes his son, it may increase his bitterness, and I fancy that, old as he is, Samuel would prove a dangerous customer to tackle in his present frame of mind."

Mr. Powerscroft stamped his foot impatiently.

"Nonsense," he exclaimed, "you surely don't believe the old man to be capable of carrying out his idiotic scheme of resistance. What weapons does the guard-boat carry?"

"An old cannon, formerly used as a signal gun, sundry relics of Trafalgar in the shape of cutlasses, boarding-pikes, and small arms," answered the yachtsman. "And as to what you term an 'idiotic scheme of resistance,' sir," he continued, firmly but respectfully, "I know Storm well enough to be convinced that he intends to carry out his plans to the letter. As you say, the man is probably insane; but it is generally more prudent to humor a dangerous lunatic, who can back up his arguments with powder and shot, than to employ force."

"Perhaps you are right," replied the millionnaire coldly. "In any case, it is kind of you to explain your views on the subject of lunacy so fully. I intend, however, to please myself as to the best course to pursue in this rather interesting case. Samuel Storm will retire on a comfortable pension, and his son will be employed as custodian of the Yantlett beds. The old guard-boat is to be beached and broken up. Thomas Storm, yourself, and another hand or two from the "Cleopatra" will sail the new smack from Calais Harbor to Yantlett Creek. If the old man should offer the resistance he threatens, you must heave too at a safe distance, and board the guard-boat under cover of darkness. Do you understand?"

"Ay, ay, sir," answered the yachtsman impassively. "One might as well expect to catch a weasel asleep, though, as to surprise Sam Storm," he added under his breath. "I'd rather sail the 'Cleopatra' through the biggest cyclone that ever blew than attempt to capture a boat from an armed lunatic. However, the job's got to be done, and the sooner it's over the better for all parties concerned."

"HERE'S MY MONTH'S MONEY," HE CRIED, FLINGING HIS WAGES INTO THE DINGHY.

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II.

It was not until the tenth day of October that the new guard-boat appeared on the muddy waters of Yantlett Creek. For seven days and nights Samuel Storm had kept an almost incessant vigil from the crumbling deck of the old boat. This continual strain had completely unhinged the mind of the watchman, and his weather-beaten features had become strangely emaciated, while the keen gray eyes shone with an unnatural light as they peered eagerly towards the open sea. Ever and anon, the old man would turn to salute an invisible form on the after deck of his craft, and the words "Ay, ay, sir," constantly escaped his lips in answer to some imaginary command emanating from the same direction.

"THE ENEMY'S IN SIGHT, MY LORD," HE MURMURED.

The deck of the guard-boat had undergone a complete transformation. Oyster-baskets, dredgers, and nets were carefully stowed away below; boarding pikes, cutlasses, and an old musket or two were ranged round the mast. A cannon of obsolete pattern stood in the bows, pointing seawards, and an open keg of gunpowder was placed at the foot of a pyramid of round shot. The after deck had been carpeted with a yard or two of mildewed matting, and a tattered Union Jack, attached to a block in the rigging, lay at the foot of the mast.

The decks were already cleared for action as the sails of the Calais smack appeared above the horizon; and when the "enemy" had approached to within half a mile of the guard-boat, Samuel Storm grimly strewed the tar-stained planks with sawdust.

"The enemy's in sight, my lord," he murmured, turning his face to the quarter deck, and jerking a scanty forelock respectfully. "An' we're quite ready to receive 'em—decks cleared, guns trained, powder an' shot enough to sink the whole fleet. She's heaving to now, sir, out of range," he continued excitedly. "Shall we weigh anchor an' sail out to meet her? No masts left—sails shot away at Trafalgar! Ay, ay, sir, I'd forgot *that*. Give 'em a drop shot, just to show we're alive? Ay, ay, sir!"

A tongue of flame flashed from the mouth of the cannon, and a deep roar burst suddenly from the old guard-boat, rattling the windows of Yantlett village, and reverberating ominously as the neighboring hills took up the warning note, and repeated it in a series of sullen growls.

And while in the village people ran hither and thither to inquire anxiously whether an explosion had occurred at the local dynamite mills, or whether the commotion was due to an unseasonable and unexpected thunderclap; and while the sheep on the hillside still scampered in clumsy confusion towards their accustomed shelter, four men on the deck of the Calais smack were gazing silently at the spot where a round shot had taken its final plunge beneath the placid waters of Yantlett Creek.

"The old man is raving mad, boys, there's no doubt about that now," said the captain of the "Cleopatra." "I told Mr. Powerscroft as much, but he treated the whole business with contempt. 'If Storm should offer the resistance he threat-

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ens,' he said, 'you must heave to at a safe distance and board the old guard-boat under cover of darkness!' Those were all the instructions I received. What is the best course to take?"

"Here comes a second shot!" exclaimed the mate as the cannon spoke again. "It's dropped within fifty yards of us, too! Listen! the old man is cheering himself hoarse, and he's running the Union Jack up to the masthead. All Yantlett is alive by this time. The quays are crowded with people, and the coastguard-boat is being launched."

Again a feeble, quavering cheer reached the ears of those aboard the smack.

"The coastguard folk don't know what father means," said Tom Storm, as the preventive service craft was rowed rapidly out in the direction of the guard-boat. "They probably think that there's a raid on the oysters, and that the old man is signalling for assistance. We must get the dinghy under way and row out to meet them."

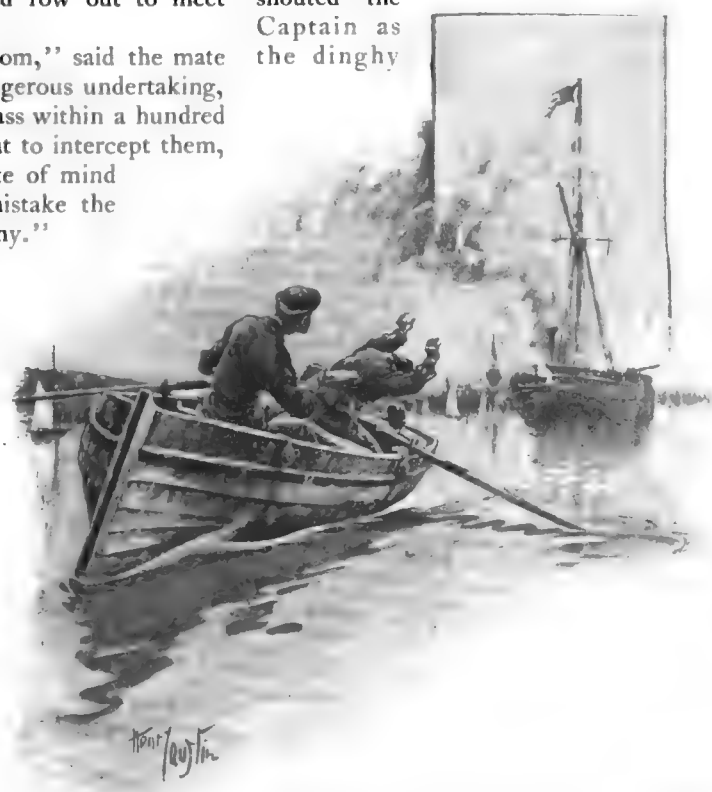
"I'm with you, Tom," said the mate quietly. "It's a dangerous undertaking, for we shall have to pass within a hundred yards of the guard-boat to intercept them, but in his present state of mind old Storm is sure to mistake the coastguard for an enemy."

"I've suffered a good deal at the hands of the preventive folk, but I daresay I deserved all I got," said Tom Storm. "Anyway, I can't stand quietly by and see four fine chaps, with wives and little ones depending on 'em, blown clean out of the water without giving 'em fair warning, so I'm willing to take the risk. But you, Jocelyn," he continued, addressing the mate, "you're different. You've a family of your own, and had better stay here with Dick Olley and the Cap'n. The tide's making pretty fast, and I reckon I can reach the coastguard-boat single-handed before she comes within gunshot."

"Better weigh anchor and run past the gun in the smack herself," suggested the Captain. "We've a fair wind, and she'll sail twice as fast as you can row the dinghy."

"And make a fine target at so short a range!" protested the mate. "No, Cap'n, I reckon Tom and I can undertake the job in the smaller craft with a much better chance of success. In you go, Storm," he continued hurriedly, watching the guard-boat anxiously through a telescope as he spoke, "the old man is already training his gun towards Yantlett, and the coastguardsmen are now scarcely a mile away."

"Steer close in to the guard-boat," shouted the Captain as the dinghy



TOM STORM THREW UP HIS ARMS AND FELL FORWARD, SHOT THROUGH THE HEART.

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shot out from the stern of the smack. "If you get near enough he'll never be able to lower the cannon, muzzle sufficiently to hit you. Pull straight into Yantlett for all you are worth, boys, and don't stop to argue with old Storm for a single moment!"

With a heavy boom a third shot flew shrieking across the waters of the creek—this time in the direction of the village—and the crowd on jetty and quay scattered in confusion as a great column of spray leaped into air within half a mile of the sea wall.

At the same moment the rusty anchor-chains of the guard-boat parted under the recoil of the heavily-charged cannon, and the battered old hulk began to drift slowly towards Yantlett on the flowing tide.

The dinghy had already approached to within hailing distance of the guard-boat, and the two men aboard, observing that the preventive craft was standing away, quickly brought their own boat about with the intention of returning to the smack. At the same moment a thinner wreath of smoke darted out from the stern of the old hulk, and, even before the sharp crack of a rifle had reached the ears of the panic-stricken villagers, *Tom Storm threw up his arms and fell forward into the well of the dinghy, shot through the heart.*

And as the released guard-boat, floating clumsily on the incoming tide, approached nearer and nearer to the beach of Yantlett, the panic within the village was terrible to witness. Women and children sped in chattering, gasping crowds towards the thickly wooded slopes of the rectory grounds, searching for cover with the instinct of animals pursued by some unknown horror which has the power to deal a noisy and fearsome death. And the husbands and fathers, fishermen mostly, who could meet death in the tempestuous waters beyond the creek with unflinching eyes, now knelt in grotesque groups on the slightly sunken roadway behind the sea wall, and peered furtively at this new terror, ducking instinctively behind the level of the concrete barrier whenever the cannon belched forth a new warning.

Samuel Storm was, indeed, revisiting his native village in the guise of an avenging spirit.

It was while the body of Thomas Storm was being raised reverently from the dinghy to the deck of the Calais smack that a huge column of smoke enveloped the guard-boat, and when this had risen to a great height, forming a cloud which obscured the rays of the noonday sun, tongues of yellow flame were seen to run rapidly from stem to stern of the old craft, crackling ominously as they devoured the lighter tackle, and roaring furiously as the tar-stained deck and bulwarks became involved. And as the burning craft drifted slowly, yet surely, towards the shore ground, without any noise beyond the fierce roar and crackle of blazing wood, that strange fascination of fire and flame drew the villagers from their hiding places, and the wondering crowd flocked back to jetty and quay to witness the final act of the greatest tragedy that Yantlett had ever seen.

It was a weirdly impressive sight, and the older inhabitants of Yantlett village are wont to discuss the fascinating but grewsome spectacle to this day. They will tell the interested visitor how the guard-boat, a mass of roaring and crackling flame, drifted to within a hundred yards of the jetty steps; how she sank with the tattered Union Jack still flying at the head of the "lantern mast," and how the few remaining cannon balls were thrown high into the air by the final explosion. They will recall the last plunge amidst a huge cloud of steam; and speak of the strange figure which was seen among the flames amidships—the figure of a man of great age, with long white hair and flowing beard. And they will conclude by describing with rough eloquence how the old man stood "at attention," gazing intently towards the blazing "after deck" of the vessel until the end came.

It is only a word picture, probably drawn from a mind of no great culture, but it affords a faithful and pathetic illustration of how Samuel Storm waited for his last order.

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MISS STELLA ARCHER.

ARTISTS' MODELS.

Illustrated with photographs of some well-known members of the profession.

By J. Adams.

A famous illustrator was once asked (evidently by some inquisitive ignoramus), "What are the chief elements that go to the making of a picture's success?" He was an honest, as well as a famous, illustrator, and he replied, "The inspiration, the technique—and the model."

Exactly how much of the merit of a picture may be contributed by the model who posed for it is something probably unknown outside the ranks of the artists themselves. Of course, neither a bad painter nor a bad idea can be saved by the best model who ever posed, but there is no question that she can *help*. And no artist will deny that it has been the model, with her grace, enthusiasm, and experience who has often fixed a fleeting inspiration forever, even if she did not actually produce it.

We of the commonplace, every-day public, unacquainted with artistic life and living in another atmosphere entirely, seldom hear of the artist's model, and what we do hear of her (or of him, for there are quite as many male as female models) has much of that false tone that comes through ignorance. We have read "Trilby" and novels not so worthy, and we have seen French farces in which the artist's model is a character of importance, and many of us, I fear, instantly associate the term "artist's model" with nudity and abandon. That is as false an impression as ever the public possessed. Models are, in the highest degree, *specialists*. It is the hair of this, or the hand of that, or the arm of another, or the foot of a fourth, or the coloring of a fifth, or the shoulders of a sixth that are known and utilized. Sometimes there are found models who possess several points of excellence—they are, however, rare. And, of course, there are models who pose in what Trilby called "the altogether," which means that they are altogether perfect in form. But these

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MISS FLORENCE LINGARD, WHO POSED FOR MR. BLENNER'S PICTURE REPRESENTED BELOW.

are even more rare. And the really excellent professional model, whatever her specialty, is a woman of dignity and admirable qualities, and to be respected. Otherwise, she would not be a professional model long. Artists at work have no time for persiflage and foolishness.

New York, as the centre of artistic life in America, is, of course, the habitat of the artist's model to an extent unknown in other cities. And there are two classes of these, the few professionals and the many amateurs. The latter are usually friends of artists, who pose for accommodation's sake, or for the sake of a little pin or tobacco money (it must not be forgotten that the male model is almost as much in demand as his sister), and can be dismissed in a paragraph. It is with the professionals that we are concerned.

The professional models are a class apart, with no especial love for their amateur rivals, with a very high (and justifiable) regard for their profession, and generally with a fixed clientage among artists based upon their recognized "specialties" in face or form. In this, as in all other walks of life, much depends upon individual preferences. Some models who are prized by certain artists or sculptors do not appeal at all to others. The hand which artist "A" may consider perfect in its delicacy and texture may strike artist "B" as lean and ugly. And an artist of standing generally knows exactly where he can find the particular hand or foot, or arm, or eyes, or pose he wishes, and telephones to his selected and well-known model as naturally as a housekeeper calls up a certain store to obtain its recognized specialty.

An "all-around" model, as stated, is one of the things that are extremely rare, if, indeed, one exists at all. The result, aside from the building up of a class of specialists who pose, one for her hair, one for her coloring, one for her hands, and so on, is the existence of a set of models for "types." Occasionally you hear of an artist being struck with some street-character, and obtaining a gigantic success

AFTER THE PAINTING BY CARL J. BLENNER. POSED FOR BY MISS FLORENCE LINGARD.

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MISS EDNA LAWSON. (AGE, 10 YEARS.)

MISS EMILY SCHAFFER. (AGE, 5 YEARS.)

through the limning of his rags and wrinkles. This may have happened, but it does not happen often. There is much more to the profession of posing than the possession of striking beauty or characteristic ugliness. Posing is an art, and a difficult art, that requires training. The casual passer-by in the street might fulfil the ideal of an artist and still be useless in the studio. Therefore, if a painter desired to depict a

MISS CHARLOTTE MARSHALL, WHO POSED FOR THE FIGURE OF LIBERTY ON THE DEWEY ARCH, NEW YORK CITY.

MISS GRACE DE FOREST.

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beggar-woman, or an aged grandfather, or a herculean longshoreman, the chances are that he would *not* seek for them through the streets, or the homes, or the docks of his city. He would have the address of a trained model who posed for exactly those types.

Child models are the prettiest and rarest of all. Almost every child possesses beauty, if no more than the mere beauty of childhood — that strange, winning sweetness that cannot be painted. But it isn't every child that can be trained to *sit still.* And of all things, a model that cannot keep a pose is the most exasperating. The child models of New York are famous, and deservedly so. There is not an art store in the country which does not hold some picture of little Emily Schaffer, or Edna Lawson, or Daisy de Lacy, or one of the other few of these beautiful children.

The best-liked model, aside from her qualifications in figure and coloring, is she who has learned to be *silent and still.* Of course the latter — the power of holding a pose without a movement, yet with no appearance of rigidity and strain—is something that professional models are trained to. One of them will retain for ten or fifteen minutes at a time an attitude that no strong man untrained to the business could hold a minute at a time without showing *effort.* It is not only the holding of the pose that is desired, you can see, but the holding thereof naturally, gracefully, and as if one liked it.

MISS VIOLET STANTON, WHO POSED FOR THE PAINTING BY V. TOJETTI REPRODUCED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE.

Lately, the artist photographers have given the professional models a new field of usefulness. It may be news to most readers that this sort of posing is most difficult of all. Of course, it is not necessary to hold a pose for so long a time as for a painting, but the demands upon the personal qualifications of the model are most exacting. The camera cannot idealize as the brush can. It must print exactly what it sees; therefore, to get a perfect picture it must see nothing but perfection. The "getting ready" for an artistic photograph is a trying and weary time for both model and artist. Every fold of the gown, every line of the face and figure, every light and shadow, must be exactly right.

The child models already referred to are especially valuable in this photographic work. Readers of the advertising pages of the magazines will probably recall the pictures printed here of these sunshiny little things as vaguely familiar. Small wonder for that; the artistic advertisement has demanded the best of the professional models for some time, and among them these children have been prominently useful.

The child model, too, has a distinct advantage over the adults of her profession,

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in that her face is generally the thing sought for reproduction. It is to be noted that the very best of the adult models are not especially beautiful in feature. The face of a model is very seldom portrayed, as the requirements of the picture demand an idealization nine times in ten.

The models themselves seem to like to work for illustrators better than for any one else. The work is not generally so severe, for the poses are usually unconstrained and natural, and there is a great deal less work to do; moreover, it is generally done rapidly. A difficult pose is a severe strain on the model, even after years of practice in such things. Artists employed on important paintings, and sculptors, as a matter of necessity, require the holding of such poses as long as holding them is possible. But with illustrators the general effects are sketched in so swiftly with crayon or brush or charcoal that the strain is seldom a tax on the model's strength.

Copyright, 1898, by J. H. Curtis.

"SPRING." FROM THE PAINTING BY V. TOJETTI. POSED FOR BY MISS VIOLET STANTON, WHOSE PORTRAIT IS REPRODUCED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE.

No reader needs to be told that beauty and grace are not necessarily united, and it takes considerably more than the possession of mere physical beauty to make a successful model. The model must learn to be not only graceful, but artistic in her poses. Of course the poses themselves are generally settled by the artists, but no artist can do much with a model who is naturally awkward and stiff, whatever other qualification she may possess. And a good model seizes the idea of the artist quickly, and puts her whole mind into the effort of carrying it into effect. The general pose is the artist's, but the details are often the ideas of the model herself. It is the turn of the hand, the fold of the gown, the lift of the chin by a sixteenth of an inch, the poise of the head, the carriage of the person, any one or all of fifty little things that make the difference between success and failure. And while the artist could probably get all these to his satisfaction in time, by dint of much experiment and labor, even from an untrained model, the good professional will assume them almost at once, partly through her own artistic instinct, partly through experience in what is desired of her. Moreover, after she has taken the pose she can hold it, which the untrained model cannot do with ease.

Portrait painters use professional models a great deal. Of course the subject must "sit" for the face and the general outline, but the subject is generally a very much engaged person, and the details of figure and clothing are painted in from a model, who assumes the desired pose and keeps it.

A model's compensation depends somewhat upon the model herself and the character of the pose she assumes; but the variation from the established rate of fifty cents an hour is seldom great. That may be taken as an average; it is almost a schedule price. The hours also depend upon the work done, for some poses will wear out a model very fast; but as a general thing she is supposed to work six hours a day. That makes her usual income about eighteen dollars a week, if she is continuously employed by different studios.

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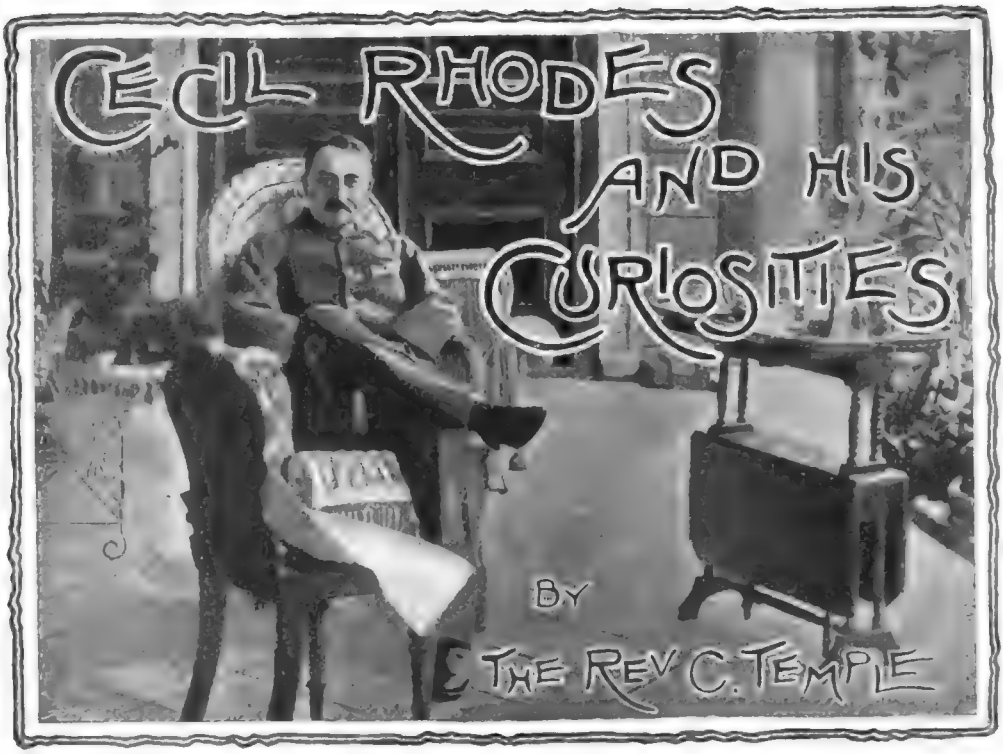

MR. RHODES SITTING ON THE STOOP OF HIS HOUSE.

At the end of 1896 a friend of mine was in charge of a party of those wounded in the Mashona Rebellion, who were proceeding to Cape Town in order to recruit their health. Upon arriving at Beira he met Mr. Rhodes, who, in the middle of their conversation, received a telegram. Tremblingly the great man opened it, then, with a sigh of relief, said, "Thank God, it's nothing! I thought something was the matter with Jameson!" The wire contained the news that Groote Schuur, Mr. Rhodes's wonderful house in Cape Town, had been burned, and nearly all its priceless possessions destroyed. Still, a few were saved, some of which I received permission to photograph.

As all students of Cape history are aware, Mr. Rhodes was at one time *persona grata* with the Afrikander Bond, and there was a widespread belief that he was destined to close the breach which for so long has existed between the English and Dutch in Africa. Apparently he has failed; but this at least can be said: he has a genuine admiration for sterling Dutch qualities, and a passionate love for any relic perpetuating the connection of the Dutch with the Cape. The two silver snuff-boxes—belonging to former governors of the Cape, when it was a Dutch possession—are much prized by him. One celebrates the victory of the famous Dutch Admiral Loutman over Admiral Parker on August 17, 1781. Upon it there are carved the ships of Loutman's fleet, the flags and names of his captains, and a bellicose inscription. The other box contains the inscription, "De Jan Rodenpoots Foren le Amsterdam, in de Yare, 1772, Johan Willens, Geboren, 1742."

The seal is shown of the old Waterboer Griqua Republic, a country now known as Griqualand West, and interesting as being the scene of Lord Methuen's severe fighting. The discovery of diamonds in the Waterboer territory made it valuable, and led to bitter discussions between

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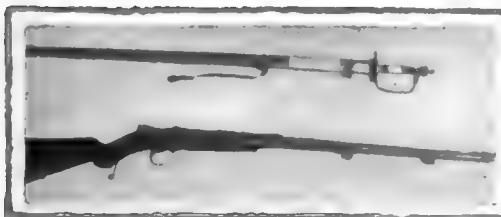

MARTINI-HENRY RIFLE GIVEN TO LOBENGULA BY PRES. KRUGER

THE EARRING OF MAKONI THE MASHONALAND REBEL. TWO SETS OF WITCH-DOCTORS' BONES

VASES, BEADS, NUGGETS AND GOLD ORNAMENTS FOUND IN THE RUINED CITIES OF MASHONALAND

SOLID GOLD WIRE WORK, AND BEADS FOUND IN THE ANCIENT RUINS OF MASHONALAND

England, the Free State, and the Transvaal.

The seal of the Orange Free State relates to the time when England possessed sovereign rights over the republic. British sovereignty was withdrawn from the territory between the Orange and Vaal rivers in February, 1854, and the inhabitants were left to form a government in any manner that they chose. This they did by at once resolving themselves into a republic, which has been maintained up to the present day. This seal bears eloquent testimony to British sovereignty, for written round the royal coat of arms, with the addition of an antelope, are the words, "Victoria Dei Gratia Britannia. Reg. F. D."

Most readers will probably remember the downfall of Lo-Bengula, the King of the Matabele, and the substitution of civilized government for the not absolute military despotism in South Africa. Therefore his official seal will possess more than ordinary interest. It is of solid silver, made in the form of an elephant. The matrix, similar of form, has the inscription, "Lo-Bengula, King of Matabele and Mashona Lands."

SILVER SNUFF-BOXES BELONGING TO FORMER DUTCH GOVERNORS OF CAPE COLONY.

One of the most curious of Lo-Bengula's treasures is the solid silver drinking-cup in the form of an elephant. This cup was given to the savage chief by the Tati Company, a corporation constituted under Sir John Swinburne in 1868 to prospect for gold in his territory. The savage but noble owner was

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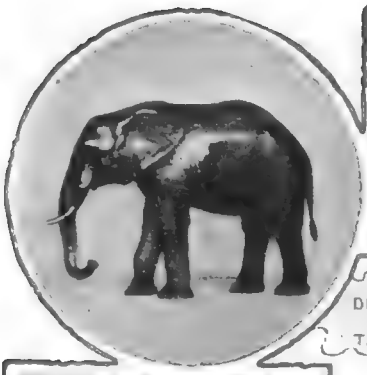
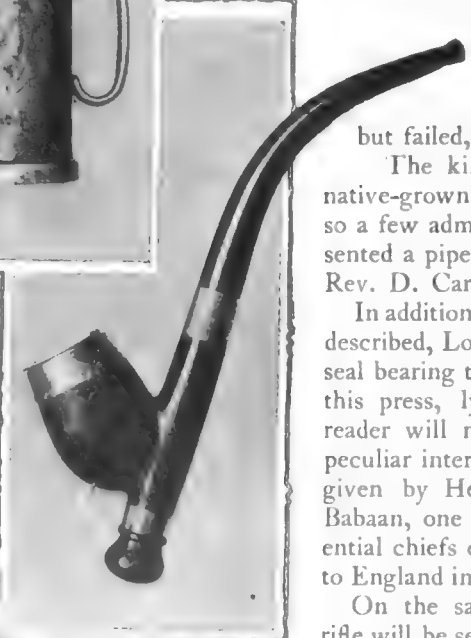


LOBENGULA'S DRINKING CUP GIVEN BY THE TATI CO

OFFICIAL SEALS
ORANGE FREE STATE ~ WATERBOER ~ LOBENGULA

LOBENGULA'S DRINKING TANKARD HOLDING 2 QUARTS



LOBENGULA'S PIPE

LOBENGULA'S SEAL PRESS AND BABAAN'S BRACELET

exceedingly proud of this possession, and many a long draught of champagne he had from it. Other interesting curios connected with Lo-Bengula are the two-handled drinking tankard, inscribed upon it being, "U'Lo-Bengula, King of the Amandebele." It holds two quarts, a fact which speaks eloquently of the chief's thirst. Mr. Rhodes has tried to drain it at one draught, but failed, though not ignominiously.

The king was very fond of smoking a native-grown tobacco called "Inyokagwai," so a few admirers of the dusky potentate presented a pipe to him, sending it out by the Rev. D. Carnegie.

In addition to the hand elephant seal already described, Lo-Bengula possessed a lever press seal bearing the same figures. At the base of this press, lying upon a handkerchief, the reader will notice a bracelet. This has a peculiar interest, for it is of gold, and was given by Her Majesty Queen Victoria to Babaan, one of the favorite and most influential chiefs of Lo-Bengula, who went over to England in 1889 as the envoy of the king.

On the same picture with Lo-Bengula's rifle will be seen a sword. It belonged to the chief Luki Janti, who was killed in rebellion against the Government of Cape Colony in 1898.

The two sets of bones—one are wolves' teeth—on this photo belonged to Umpotuwan, the "isanusi," or witch doctor, who was the leading instigator of the Matabele Rebellion of 1896. By the throwing of these bones, Umpotuwan exercised the power of life and death, and in the old days of Lo-Bengula hundreds have been sentenced to death through their instrumentality.

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A SCIENTIFIC SYMPOSIUM.

By S. R. Crockett,

Author of "The Gray Man," "Black Douglas," "Joan of the Sword Hand," etc.

(BEING SOME HITHERTO UNOBSERVED PHENOMENA OF FEMININE PSYCHOLOGY—FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF A. McQUHIRR, M.B., C.M., EDIN.)

These papers of mine have been getting out of hand of late. I am informed from various quarters that they are becoming so exceedingly popular and discursive in their character that they are enough to ruin the reputation of any professing man of science. I will, therefore, be severe with myself (and with my readers), and occupy one or two papers with a consideration of some of the minor characteristics common to the female sex.

I have mentioned before that my wife's youngest sister was called the "Hempie," * which, being interpreted, signifies a wild, unbroke filly of a girl. This had certainly been her character at one time, and, though she deserves the name less now than of yore, all her actions are still marked by a conspicuous decision and independence.

For instance, the year after Nance and I were married, the Hempie abruptly claimed her share of her mother's money, and departed to Edinburgh "to get learning."

Now, it was a common thing enough, in our part of the country, for boys to go out on such a quest. It was unheard of in a girl. And the parish would have been shocked if the emigrant had been any other than the Hempie. But Miss Elizabeth Chrystie, daughter of Peter of Nether Neuk, was a young woman not accustomed to be bound by ordinary rules. In person, she had grown up handsome rather than pretty, and was so athletic that she stood in small need of the ordinary courtesies which girls love—hands over stiles and so forth. Eyes and hair of glossy jet, the latter crisping naturally close to her head, a healthy color in her cheeks, an ironic curl to her fine lips—that is how our Hempie came back to us.

Of her career in the metropolis, of the boarding-school dames, strait-laced and awful, whom she scandalized, the masters she alternately snubbed and flirted with, the shut ways of learning which somehow were open before her, I have no room here to tell. It is sufficient to say that out of all this the Hempie came home to Nether Neuk, and at once established herself as the wonder of the neighborhood.

Nance was gone, Grace going, Clemmy Kilpatrick, the unobtrusive little woman whom Peter had married as a kind of foot-warmer, had been laid aside for six weeks with an "income" in her knee. The maid servants naturally took advantage. Every individual pot and pan in the house cumbered the back kitchen unwashed and begrimed. In the byres you did not walk —you waded. The ploughmen hung about the house half the morning, gossiping with the half-idle maidens. The very herds on the hill eluded Peter's feeble judicature and lay asleep behind dyke-backs, while the week-weaned lambs rejoined their mothers on the pastures far below.

Upon this confusion enters the New Hempie. Mathematics do not add largely to muscle, but they direct its application. And when Nick Saunders received a box on the ear from the Hempie, "because he would not attend to his work and let the lasses alone," it is related that the blood sprang from his nose as if he had run against the kirk-dyke.

I think the Hempie was a little frightened by this result of her training in the Queen Street Gymnasium, added to an accurate knowledge of physiology and some acquaintance with the laws of mo-

* Some of the earlier and less respectable of the "Hempie's" adventures may be found in a certain unscientific work entitled "Lad's Love."

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tion. But she made no sign, and leaving the ensanguined "hind" to wash himself at the pump, with the stable key at the back of his neck, she stalked into the back kitchen, whence Tibby Kinstray and Meg Farish, the offending maidens, had watched the fray with interest mingled with apprehension.

"Now," she said, breaking for the first time since her return into dialect, "you are a pair of lazy guid-for-naethings. If ye dinna want as muckle as that great silly stot has gotten, *wash thae pots!*"

And with her gown pinned up and a white apron on that met behind her shapely figure, she set to and helped them.

In six days she had the farm town of Nether Neuk in such a state of perfection as it had not known since my own Nance left it. For Grace, though a good girl enough, cared not a jot for housework. Her sphere was the dairy and cheese room, where in an atmosphere of simmering curds and bandaged cheddars she reigned supreme.

So much to indicate to those who are not acquainted with Miss Elizabeth Chrystie the kind of girl she was.

For the rest, she despised love and held wooers in contempt, as much as she had done in the old days when she ascended the roofs of the pigsties and climbed into the beech-tree tops in the courtyard of Nether Neuk, rather than meet me face to face as I went to pay my court to her eldest sister.

"Love," she said scornfully, when I questioned her on the subject the first time she came to see us at Cairn Edward, "*love*—have Nance and you no got ower sick nonsense yet? *Love*—[still more scornfully] as if I hadna seen as much of that as will serve me for my lifetime, wi' two sisters like Grace and Nance there!"

It did not take us much by surprise, therefore, when, one morning while we sat at breakfast, the Hempie dropped in with the announcement that she could not stand her father any longer, and that she had engaged herself to be governess in the house of Major Randolph Fergus of Craignesslin.

"Why, Hempie," I cried, greatly astonished, "you surely would not think of going there—the man is a worn-out rake of such reputation that no one in the county will associate with him, and the children are a set of unmitigated young savages."

"Alec," said the Hempie, curling her lip restively, as she did when, presuming on my new position of brother, I wanted to kiss her (you could tell by the way she took it that the Hempie had never been kissed before), "Alec, I would not care if the man were auld Lag himsel' risen frae the Pit, or the bairns young deils ridin' on their father's back and haudin' on by the horns. I'll mitigate them or kill them!"

To a young lady so determined as this there is no more to be said. Besides which, the Hempie was of full age, perfectly independent as far as money went, and more than independent in character.

"Now," she said, "I have just fifteen minutes to catch my train; how am I to get my bag up to the station?"

"If you wait," I said, "the gig will be round at the door in seven minutes. I have a case, or I should go up with you myself."

"Who is driving the gig?"

"Tad Anderson!" said I.

The Hempie picked up a pair of tan gloves and straightened her tall, lithe figure.

"Good morning," she said. "Give me a lift with my box and wraps to the door. I would not trust Tad Anderson to get to the station in time if he had seven hours to do it in!"

At the door, a boy was passing with a grocer's barrow. Hempie swung her box upon it with a deft, strong movement.

"Take that to the station, boy," she commanded, "and tell Muckle Aleck that Elizabeth Chrystie of the Nether Neuk will be up in ten minutes."

"But—but," stammered the boy, astonished, "I hae thae parcels to deliver."

"Then deliver them on your road down!" said the Hempie. And her right hand touched the boy's left for an instant.

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"IF YE DINNA WANT AS MUCKLE AS THAT GREAT SILLY STOT HAS GOTTEN, *wash thae pots!*"

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"A' richt, mem!" he nodded, and was off.

"Don't trouble, Alec. Nance, bide where you are—I have three calls to make on the way up. Good morning!"

And the Hempie was off. We watched her through the little oriel window, Nance nestling against my coat sleeve pleasantly, and, in the shadow of the red-stuff curtain, even surreptitiously kissing my shoulder—a thing I had often warned her against doing in public. So I reproved her.

"Nance, mind what you are about, for heaven's sake! Suppose any one were to see you. It is enough to ruin my professional reputation to have you do that on a market day in your own front window."

"Well, please may I hold your hand?"—then piteously, and if I might call it so—"Nancefully"—"You know I shall not see you all day."

"The Hempie would not do a thing like that!" I say severely.

Nance watches the supple swing of her sister's figure, from the stout-soled, practical boots to the small, erect head with its short, black curls and smart, brown felt hat with the silver buckle at the side.

"No," she said, "she wouldn't." Then after a sigh she added, "Poor Hempie!"

That was the last we saw of our sister for more than a year.

Elizabeth Chrystie did not come back even for Grace's marriage to the laird of Butterhole.

"I am of more use where I am," she wrote. "Tell Grace I am sending her an alarm clock!"

Whether this was sarcasm on the Hempie's part, I am not in a position to say. Grace had always been the sleepy-head of the family. If, however, it was meant ironically, it was wasted, for Grace was delighted with the present.

"It is so useful, you know," the mistress of Butterhole told Nance. "I set it every morning for four o'clock. It is so nice to turn over and know that you do not need to get up till eight!"

. . . . . .

As suddenly as she had gone away, so suddenly the Hempie returned, giving reasons to no man. I am ashamed to say that even I would never have known the true story of her adventures, which follows, had I not shamefully played the eavesdropper.

It happened this way.

My study, where I try upon occasion to do a little original work and keep myself from dropping into the rut of the pill-and-potion practitioner so common in rural districts, is next the little room where Nance sits reading, or sewing at the garmentry, white and mysterious, which women seem never to be able to let out of their reach. Here I have a small wall press in which I keep my microscopes and preparations. It is divided by a single board from a similar one belonging to Nance on the other side. When both doors are open, you can hear as well in one room as in the other. I often converse with Nance without rising, chiefly as to how long it will be till dinner time, and similar important and soul-elevating subjects. But it never seems to strike her that I can hear as easily what is said in her room, when I am not expected to hear.

Now, if you are an observant man, you have noticed, I dare say, that so soon as women are alone together, they begin to talk quite differently to what they have done when they had reason to know of your masculine presence. Yes, it is true—especially true of your nearest and dearest. Men do something of the same kind when women go out after dinner. But very differently. A man becomes at once broader and louder, more unrestrained in quotation, allusion, illustration, more direct in application. His vocabulary expands. In anecdote he is more abounding, and in voice altogether more natural. But with women it is not so. They do not look blankly at the table-cloth or toy with the stem of a wineglass as men do when the other sex vanishes. They glance at each other. A gentle smile glimmers from face to face, in which is a world of irony and comprehension. It says: "They are gone—the poor crea-

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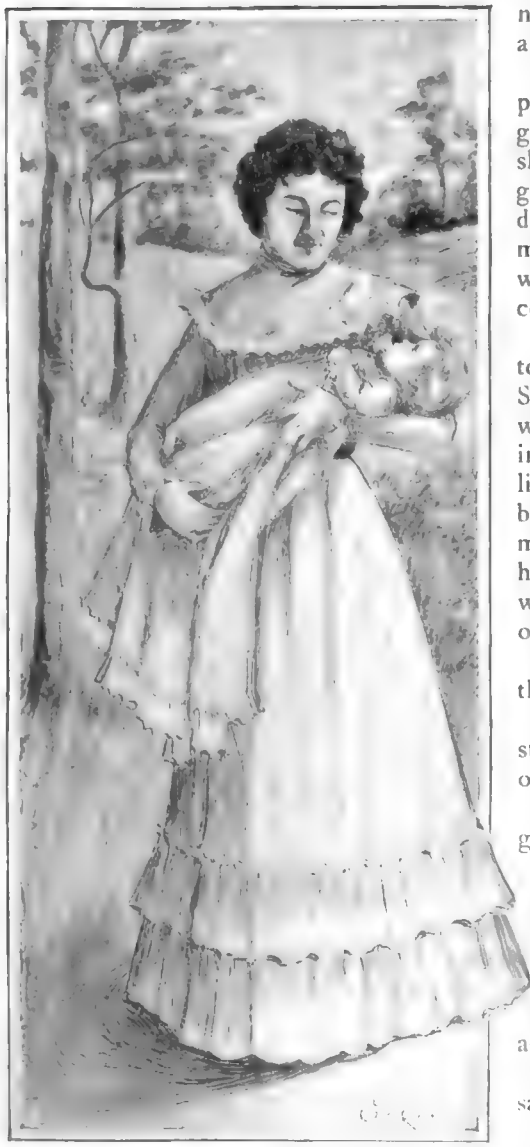
tures. We can't quite do without them, but oh, are they not funny things?" Then they exchange sighs, equally gentle. If you listen closely, you can hear a little, subdued rustle. That is the chairs being moved gently forward, nearer each other —not dragged, mark you, as a man would do. A man has no proper respect for a carpet.

"Well, dear——"



THE NEW NURSE CARRIED THE CHARGE AS IF SHE HAD NEVER DONE ANYTHING ELSE ALL HER LIFE.

"Well?"

And they begin really to talk. They have only "conversed" so far. How do I know all this? Well, that's telling. As I say, I eavesdropped part of it—in the interests of science. But the facts are true, in every case.

The Hempie came in one Saturday morning. It was in August, and a glorious day. There was nothing pressing. I had been out early at the only case which needed to be seen to till I went on my afternoon round.

Nance was upstairs giving a wholly supererogatory attention to a certain young gentleman who had already one statutory slave to anticipate his wants. He was getting ready to be carried into the garden. I could detect signs from the basement that cook also was tending nurserywards. The shrine would have its full complement of worshippers shortly.

It was thus that I came to be the first to welcome the Hempie upon her return. She opened the glass door and walked in without ceremony, putting her umbrella in the rack and hanging her hat on a peg like a man, not bringing them in to cumber a bedroom as a woman does. These minor differences of habit in the sexes have never been properly collated and worked out. I think I must write a book on the subject.

At any rate, the Hempie's action was the exception which proved the rule.

Then she strolled nonchalantly into my study, and flung herself into a chair without shaking hands. I leaped to my feet.

"Hempie," I cried, "I am dreadfully glad to see you."

And I stooped to kiss her. To my utter astonishment she took the salute as a matter of course, a thing she had never done before. Yes, the Hempie was startlingly different.

"What," she said, "are you as glad as all that? What a loving brother!"

But I think she was pleased all the same.

"Where's Nance?" The question was shot out rather than asked.

I indicated the upper regions of the

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INSTANTLY I NEEDED SOME CANADA BALSAM OUT OF THE WALL PRESS.

house with my thumb, and inclined my ear to direct her attention.

A high voice of wonderful tone and compass (if a little thin) was lifted up in a decimating howl. Ensued a gentle confused murmur, "*Didums then? Was it then?*" together with various lucid observations of that kind. A change passed over the Hempie's face.

"Now we are in for it," I thought. "She will leave the house and never enter it again." The Hempie hated babies. She has always been clear on that point.

"*Why* did you never tell me, Alec?"

"Because—because—we thought you would not care to hear. I understood you didn't like——"

"Is it a boy or a girl?"

"Boy."

There was a sudden uprising from the depths of the easy-chair, a rustle of skirts, the clang of a door, hasty footsteps on the stairs, a clamor of voices from which, after a kind of confused climax of battle-murder-and-sudden-death, as the hope of the house blared his woes like a young bull of Bashan, there finally emerged the following remarkable sentiments:

"Oh, the darling! Isn't he *a pet?* Give him to me. Was they bad to him? Then well then! They shan't—no, indeed they shan't! Now, then! Didums then!"

And *da capo.*

I could not believe my ears. The words were the words of Nance, but the voice was undoubtedly the voice of the Hempie. It was half an hour and more before they descended the stairs, the Hempie still carrying the young "bull of Bashan," now pacifically sucking his thumb and gazing serenely through and behind his nurse, in the disconcerting way which is common to infants of the human species—and cats.

(I hope this will not meet the eye of the mother of Master Alexander McQuhirr, *Tertius.* If it does, careless reader, in the serenity of your own peaceful home, pray for the soul of Alexander *Secundus*, M.B., C.M.)

The Hempie passed out across the little strip of garden we had at the back. The sunlight checkered the grass, and the new nurse carried her charge as if she had never done anything else all her life. Every moment she would stop to coo at him. Then she would duck her head like a turtle-dove bowing to his mate, and finally, as if taken by some strange contortive disease, she would bend her neck suddenly and nuzzle her whole face into the child's, as a pet pony does into your hand—a hot, fatiguing, and wholly unscientific proceeding on an August day.

I called Nance back on pretext of matters domestic.

"What's the matter with the Hempie?" I said.

"Matter with the Hempie?" repeated Nance, trying vainly to look blank.

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"Why, what should be the matter with the Hempie?"

"Don't try that on with me, you little fraud. There is something! What is it?"

"I have not the least idea."

"Have you kissed her?"

"No; she never looked at me—only at the baby, *of course*."

"Then go and kiss her."

Nance went off obediently, and the sisters walked a while together. Presently the bull unshipped the red thumb out of his mouth and, through the orifice thus created, issued a bellow. The nurse came running. Nance took him in her arms, replaced the thumb, and all was well. Then she handed him back to the Hempie, and kissed her as she did so. The Hempie raised her head into position naturally, like one well accustomed to the operation.

Nance came slowly back and rejoined me. She was unusually thoughtful.

"Well?" I said.

She nodded gravely and shook her head.

"It *is* true," she murmured, as if against her will; "there is something. She is different."

"Nance," said I triumphantly, for I was pleased with myself, "the Hempie is in love at last. You must find out all about it and tell me"

She looked at me scornfully.

"I will do no such thing—" she began.

"It is not curiosity—as you seem to think," I remarked with dignity. "It is entirely in the interests of science," I said.

"Rats!" cried Nance rudely. As I have had occasion to remark more than once before, she does not show that deference to her husband to which his sterling worth and merits entitle him. Indeed, few wives do, if any.

"Well, I will find out for myself," I said carelessly.

"*You!*"

Scorn, derision, challenge, were never more briefly expressed.

"Yes, I."

"I'll wager you a new riding whip out of my house money that you don't find out anything about it!"

"Done!" said I.

For I remembered about the little wall press where I kept my microscope. Not that I am by nature an eavesdropper, but, after all, a scientific purpose, and a new riding whip, make some difference.

I was busy mounting my slides when I heard them come in. Instantly I needed some Canada balsam out of the wall press—in the interests of science. I heard Nance go to the door to listen "if baby was asleep." I have often represented to her that she does not require to do this, because the instant baby is awake he advertises the fact to the whole neighborhood as effectually as if he had been specially designed with a steam-whistle attachment for the purpose. But I have never succeeded.

"You think you are a doctor, Alec," is the answer, "but you know nothing about babies! You know you don't!"

Which shows that I must have spent a considerable part of my medical curriculum in vain.

There ensued the soft, muffled hush of chairs being pushed into the window. Then came the first *click-click, jiggity-click* of a rocking-chair, which Nance had bought for me "when I was tired, dear"—and had used ever since herself. I did not regret this, for it left the deep-seated, chintz-covered one free. They are useless things, anyway—a man cannot go to sleep on a rocking-chair, or strike a match under the seat, or stand on it to put up a picture—or, in fact, do any of the things for which chairs are designed. Now, when a woman goes to sleep in a chair, she always wakes up cross. All that in romances about kissing the Beloved awake in the dear old rose-scented parlor, and about the lids rising sweetly from off loving and happy eyes, is, scientifically condensed, pure nonsense. Believe me, if she greets you that way, the lady has not been asleep at all, and was waiting for you to do it.

But when she, on the other hand, wakes with a start, and opens her eyes so fast

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that you step back quickly (having had experience); when she says words like these, "Alec, I have a great mind to give you a sound box on the ear—coming waking me up like that, when you know I didn't have more than an hour's sleep last night!"—this is the genuine article. The lady was asleep that time. The other kind may be pretty to read about, but that is its only merit.

It was Nance who spoke first. I heard her drop the scissors and stoop to pick them up. I also gathered from the tone of her first words that she had a pin in her mouth. Yet she goes into a fit if baby tries to imitate her, and wonders where he can learn such habits. This, also, is incomprehensible.

"Have you left Craignesslin for good?" said Nance, using a foolish expression for which I have often reproved her.

"I am going back," said the Hempie. I am not so well acquainted with the nuances of the Hempie's voice and habit as I am with those of her sister, but I should say she was leaning back in her chair with her hands clasped behind her head and staring contentedly out at the window.

"I thought perhaps the death of the old Major would make a difference to you," said Nance.

I knew by the mumbling sound that she was biting a thread.

"It does make a difference," said the Hempie dreamily, "and it will make a greater difference before all be done!"

Nance was silent for a while. I knew she was hurt at her sister's lack of communicativeness. The rocking-chair was suddenly hitched sideways, and the stroke rose from fifty in the minute to about sixty or sixty-five, according to the pressure on the boiler.

Still the Hempie did not speak a word.

The rocking-chair was doing a good seventy now—but it was a spurt, and could not last.

"Elizabeth," said Nance, suddenly, "I did not think you could be so mean. I never behaved like this to you."

"No?" said the Hempie, with serene interrogation, but did not move, so far as I could make out. The rocking-chair ceased. There was a pause, painful even to me in my little den. The strain on the other side of the wall must have been enormous.

When Nance spoke it was in a curiously altered voice. It sounded even pleading. I wish the Hempie would teach me her secret.

"Who is it?—tell me, Hempie," said Nance, softly.

I did not hear the answer, though obviously one was given. But the next moment I heard the unbalanced clatter of the abandoned rocker, and then Nance's voice saying, "No, it is impossible!"

Apparently it was not, however, for presently I heard the sound of more than one kiss, and I knew that my dear Mistress Impulsive had her sister in her arms.

"Then you know all about it now, Hempie?"

"All about what?"

"Don't pretend—about love. You do love him very much, don't you?"

"I don't know. I have never told him so!"

"Hempie!"

"It is true, Nance!"

"Then why have you come home?"

"To get married!" said the Hempie, calmly.

. . . . . .

But I must put off to another paper the strange story of the love affairs of the Hempie, premising that the interest of these is dramatic, rather than, as in the present case, entirely scientific.

[*A sequel to this story will be published in full in our next issue under the title of "The House on the Muir."*]

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THE LIGHT OF THE SUN.

THE SUN'S INFLUENCE ON THIS WORLD AND HOW IT IS EXERCISED.

BEING No. 9 OF THE SERIES "SIMPLE EXPLANATIONS."

By George Hough.

There is no event within the experience of man that is equal in importance to the sunrise. There is no event within his knowledge that is more suggestive of horrible disaster than the sunset.

There was good scientific foundation for the worship of the sun by the Persians. If one must worship something visible and tangible he can select nothing better than the sun. In a purely physical sense, the sun is the source or support of all earthly energy and life. What symbol of Deity can be compared to it? What are all the idols that man ever carved or cast beside this stupendous star?

Everything on the earth that lives or moves or burns, does so because the sun shines or because the sun has shone. Every form of life that we know depends directly upon the sun for support. Almost every form of earthly energy can be traced to the sun. In this sense it is the sun that turns the steam engine, it is the sun that turns the windmill, it is the sun that turns the gigantic generators at Niagara Falls. For, how could the steam engine run without coal or other sun product? And how could the wind blow unless the sun had rarefied a place for it to blow into? And how could there be a waterfall unless the sun had first *lifted* the water? It is the sun that makes ocean waves and ocean currents. Less directly, but no less truly, it is the sun that makes the tides of the ocean. The muscular force of men and animals is all sun energy, derived from the consumption of food—sun products. The very watch in your pocket is running by power that came originally from the sun.

What is this power that we get from the sun, and how does it get here? These are the questions that we shall consider in this article.

Up on the top floor of a factory we see a machine running smoothly and powerfully. We know that it is connected with some source of power, because we know that no machine can run of itself. We may not be able to trace the transmission of that power through lines of whirling shafting and flying belts to the engine in the basement. But whether we can or cannot see the actual transmission is immaterial. We *know* that some connection must exist, or the machine wouldn't run.

Now, the natural law that says no machine can run of itself is just as true of a world as it is of a sewing-machine. In the case of the earth we have shown that it gets its energy from the sun. And it follows quite as simply as in the case of the machine that there must be some connection between the earth and the sun through which the energy is transmitted. Nature is absolutely impartial. Big things and little things are all alike to her, and a rule for one is a rule for all the others. She has no rule whereby man can run machinery without connecting it to a source of power; she has no law whereby she herself can transmit power without the use of a medium of transmission.

The sun engine is 93,000,000 miles away. That is a distance easily *said*, but not so easily appreciated. A modern, high-powered gun sends a projectile with a muzzle velocity of about 2,500 feet a second. It would take such a projectile nine years to reach the sun, assuming that it retained its muzzle velocity all the way. Five years after the shell arrived, the report of the gun would be due. Professor Mendenhall's quaint illustration is rather impressive. He says that if you can imagine an infant born with an arm long enough to reach the sun, and that if the child reached up and touched the sun as soon as he was born, he would die of old

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age before he felt the pain of the burn. For the nerves transmit their sensations at the rate only of some 100 feet a second.

Yet we know that light and other sun effects reach us in about eight minutes, also that they reach us with very little loss by the way. What is this medium of communication which, through such unimaginable distance, supplies the warmth of life to the tiniest insect, the tint to the lowliest violet, the power to the cataract and tornado? It is *the ether*.

It is a difficult thing to give an idea of what the ether is supposed to be; partly because nobody knows exactly what it is, anyway, and partly because what is known and believed of it shows that it is like nothing else in the universe. There is nothing to which it can be compared—its properties are exclusively its own. Analogies, when attempted, generally require modification in the second sentence, and break down utterly in the third. The very nature of the ether (being intangible, invisible, imponderable) forbids its being grasped by the senses. Like that German savant in the story, who, having never seen an elephant nor a picture of one, *evolved* one from his inner consciousness, so we, knowing that there is an ether, but having absolutely no sense grip on it, must close our eyes and fancy what it *must* be.

Well, we must fancy something, in the first place, that is *all-pervading* in the strictest sense. It must stretch to the uttermost confines of space—it must also pervade all matter, as water pervades a sponge—"only more so." It must fill the vast vacancies between the stars—it must also fill the infinitesimal spaces between the atoms of matter. In a word, it must be *without a break*.

Next, it must be something as much finer and lighter than air, as air is finer and lighter than solid rock. This is, of course, to be assumed by the fact that it is fine enough to penetrate between the atoms of matter. It must be so inconceivably thin and fine that it presents no resistance whatever to the passage of bodies through it—it must be *frictionless*. And yet, it must be as rigid as steel itself to certain kinds of shocks. Now, if you can imagine a substance that will fill all those conditions, you will have a better idea of the ether than most people.

We can find certain rough comparisons which may help a little to this understanding. Take water, for example. Water will soak through a sponge or a piece of felt—the ether will "soak" through solid steel. A bather may wade through water, slowly, with little trouble, but if he falls from a height he might almost as well fall on a brick sidewalk. So there we have a rough analogy with the ether, which permits the (comparatively) slow passage of bodies through it without trouble, yet may be almost perfectly rigid to a sudden and certain sort of blow. What is true of water, as above, is true in a finer sense of air, air being so much lighter. One may walk with greater ease through air than water, yet, as you know, like water, it may be almost solid against swift movement. But the movement must be much swifter in air than in water to produce that effect. Go a little farther, and take a gas still lighter and finer than air, and yet we can imagine that a movement of terrific speed might find the gas resisting it, as the air resists the fall of a parachute. The ether is infinitely lighter than any gas we know, in fact it has absolutely no weight whatever, and no friction; yet we know that it is rigid to certain movements *if they are swift enough*.

The only thing in nature that can move fast enough to disturb the ether, to an extent perceivable by our senses, is an atom or a molecule. In previous papers in this series I have tried to explain what these are, and I have stated that they are always in motion. Imagine them to be open rings, like the rim of a bell, and that they are vibrating like the rim of the bell. These vibrations are furiously fast. We cannot conceive of such speed. They are to be measured only in *millions of millions* to the second when they are merely humming along in their every-day and normal condition. Heated, the vibrations may run up to thousands of millions of millions to the second. To blows as fast

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as this the ether is practically perfectly rigid. It takes up and transmits from end to end of space every single separate shiver of these molecular tremors. As a stone thrown into the ocean will (theoretically) cause a ripple to break on all its shores, so you cannot light a match without sending a wave across the etheric sea from one side of space to the other.

As molecules are never at rest, and as their rate of vibration is constantly being changed by changes in temperature, and as not one of their vibrations is neglected by the ether, perhaps you can dimly picture what a tangle and criss-crossing of waves must vex the etheric ocean. Yet there is no confusion. A wave once started in the ether keeps straight on, and interferences are comparatively rare. So, in a concert hall, the trained ear can detect the tones of any one of the fifty instruments in an orchestra. And these are sound waves in the air, which are infinitely coarser and heavier and slower than the etheric waves of light and heat.

The medium of transmission, then, by which the sun power reaches the earth, is the ether. We have now to consider what the power itself is, and how it is transmitted.

What do we get from the sun? Heat, light, and a form of chemical energy. Of these the light is the least important. It may be well, right here, to point out that light is not a "thing" at all. It is merely a *sensation* produced on our brains through our eyes in a manner analogous to the sensation produced through our ears by sound waves in the air. The flash of lightning that we *see*—meaning the actual visual impression produced—is as unimportant as the thunder that follows it. If the earth were to be roofed over with black glass of a sort that would shut out all light, yet allow the passage of heat and chemical rays, the world would get along well enough in the dark. Plants would grow, rivers would run, men would live and move and have their being without great inconvenience, after a few generations.

But heat is a different thing. Heat is power. Cut off the heat rays of the sun, and within thirty days at the most there would be nothing on earth but silence, cold, and death.

We are so thoroughly accustomed to the association of light with heat that it is difficult to recall an instance where we find the former without the latter. Sunlight is hot; all the artificial means of producing light that we know at present involve the use of heat. The electric light, the gas flame, the lamp flame, incandescent metal—almost everything that we know that gives light, gives heat. There *are*, of course, exceptions—there is the light given by fireflies, glow-worms, and so-called "phosphorescent" light in general. This is "cold light," and when man finds out how to produce it in practicable intensities, it will be "the light of the future."

Why is light so generally accompanied by heat? Because both light and heat are occasioned by vibrations in the ether, and it takes a faster vibration to produce the effect of light than the effect of heat. And we have not yet learned how to attain the speed and characteristics of the vibrations that will give light, without first producing all the slower heat vibrations.

Suppose you desired to tune a violin or banjo string from pitch A to pitch C. You undoubtedly know that the pitch of a musical note depends merely on the speed of vibration of the string or reed that makes it. Now, in tightening your violin string slowly to the tension necessary to get the vibration required for pitch C, you must pull it through the tensions that would give the intermediate tones B flat and B. And so we, in making artificial light, cannot speed up our molecular vibrations to the "light pitch" without pulling them through the slower "heat pitches." The analogy is imperfect, and we cannot push it very far, for the violin string tuned to C will give C and nothing else. But the molecules at the "light pitch" continue to give their "heat tone" also. It may better be said that we do not know how to get molecular vibrations fast enough to produce the effect of light, except by heating them. The more you heat a molecule, the faster it vibrates.

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All ether waves, however started, travel at the same rate—186,000 miles to the second. If you make one blow on the ether a second, each wave would be 186,000 miles long. If you could make 186,000 blows to the second, each wave would be one mile long. If you could hit fast enough to shorten the waves to a small fraction of an inch, you would begin to feel them as "heat." If you could shorten them down to one-thirty-nine-thousandth of an inch, you would begin to see red light, and the heat would (under theoretical conditions) begin to fade away. As the speed of the blows kept increasing, the light would change from red to orange, from orange to yellow, from yellow to green, from green to blue, from blue to indigo, from indigo to violet. Violet light is caused by waves about one-fifty-seven-thousandth of an inch long. At the speed necessary to make the change from yellow to green, the heat effect, theoretically, would disappear and a new effect would begin to appear—the chemical. Waves of this length are small enough to interfere with the action of the molecules themselves, and molecular combinations that are only loosely held together may be broken up. Waves no longer than one-sixty-thousandth of an inch cease to be visible, but the chemical effect is gaining in strength all the time. These are the waves that make photographs, by tearing apart the molecular structure of the sensitive film and causing it to form new combinations.

The reason that photographers use a ruby light in their dark rooms is because they cut off, with the red glass, all the waves that are shorter than one-forty-thousandth of an inch or thereabouts. The glass does not affect the passage of the red light-making waves, nor the heat waves that are still longer, but the shorter waves it does stop; and with them the chemical effect that would ruin the photographic plates. The light itself has nothing to do with it, except that the colors in the spectrum above the red are made by waves short enough to produce a chemical change *also* in the coating of the plates.

Now the sun rays are composed of all sorts of wave lengths, from the longest heat-making waves, to the shortest known "chemical" waves, and all the light waves in between, from those which make red light to those which produce the effect of violet light. So far as our eyes are concerned, we get all the light waves in a bunch, and the combination effect of red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo, and violet light-making waves is the visual sensation of what we call white light. The electric light gives about the same effect; the flames of gas and lamp wicks have less of the higher vibrations, and the effect is slightly more reddish.

It was discovered a long time ago that the "bundle" of ether waves in a sun ray could be split up and separated by a very simple device. The scientific instrument which uses that device is called a spectroscope, and it is one of the most wonderful instruments within our knowledge, and has given us some of our best information on the secrets of nature.

The spectroscope depends on the prism, and a prism is merely a three-sided piece of plain glass. A beam of sunlight is allowed to fall on one side of this glass, pass through, and come out at another. The angular position of the sides occasions, by the refraction of the rays, a complete dispersion thereof. They are, as it were, sifted out by the prism, and arranged side by side in the exact order of their respective wave lengths. The result of this arrangement is called a "spectrum." If it is allowed to fall upon a white surface, all you can *see* is, of course, the colors that are caused by wave lengths of the right sort to affect vision. And these are arranged in the order given above, from red to violet, the colors shading into each other, rainbow-fashion. (The rainbow itself is merely a big spectrum, cast by the prismatic effect of drops of water.)

But what you can *see* of the spectrum is only about one-tenth of what is there. Below the red color, at one end, are the heat waves spread out. They are invisible because the eye will not take cognizance of waves as long as they are, but a thermometer will detect them readily enough.

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Above the violet light at the other end are spread out the waves too short for the eye to notice—the chemical rays. The eye cannot detect them, but a photographic plate will, or even a piece of freshly planed wood.

It will probably require no description or demonstrative experiment to convince you that the heat waves of the sun may be entirely dissociated from those which give us the impression of light. You can feel the heat of the sun even through the black silk of a parasol which entirely cuts off the light. But if you wish an experiment, here is one, as described by Tyndall, and a beautiful experiment it is. Perhaps you will not have the facilities to perform it, but you can rely upon the truth of the description.

Close a room light-tight, except for one hole in a shutter that will allow the passage of a strong beam of sunlight. Let this beam pass through a lens, or, better, let it fall upon a concave mirror. The result, as you know, will be to concentrate it at a certain point—bring it to a focus. At that focus, the ordinary experiments of the burning-glass can be performed. The hand will feel an unbearable heat, and paper will be set on fire.

Now, where the light enters the room, introduce in its path (in such a way as not to disturb the present arrangement and focus) a solution of iodine, dissolved in bisulphide of carbon. Ignore the smell in the interest of scientific investigation. The light is absolutely cut off. If you had introduced a slab of slate, it could not be more thoroughly extinguished. Now, put your hand *in the dark*, at the spot where the light was formerly focussed. You feel the same unbearable heat. Put a slip of tissue paper there—it smokes and bursts into flame. So you see that the heat waves are still passing, although the light waves are cut off.

Thus we have answered our two original questions. The power that the sun sends us is chiefly in heat—which is the very soul and essence of power—and in another sense, a chemical effect, the exact importance of which (aside from trivial photographic uses) is not thoroughly determined, although plant growth undoubtedly depends upon it to a large extent. Incidentally, too, we get light. And these we get through the medium of the ether, which is an absolutely ideal medium of transmission, because it is frictionless.

Lastly, where does the sun itself get its power? It is as much dependent on natural laws as anything else. From what source does it procure the heat which it has been radiating away so generously for nobody knows how long?

We know, of course, that it is a ball of fire, but we also know that no fire can be kept up without fuel. And, big as the sun is, it would have long since parted with all the heat it had if there had not been some means or process of getting more.

This answer cannot be positively given. It is supposed on the one hand that the sun gets its fuel from meteors and suchlike wanderers that are drawn within its mighty clasp, and, falling with inconceivable speed, lose their motion in heat, as a cannon ball bursts into flame when it strikes a target. But it does not appear that there are meteors enough to supply the terrific demands of this all-heating furnace. A later theory is that the sun finds its heat through its slow and steady *contraction*. Contraction means compression, and, as explained in the last article, compression means heat. Man has not lived long enough to note any sensible diminution of the sun's size, but there is every reason to believe that its size is slowly diminishing. If there is any truth in the nebular theory, the sun once occupied all the space between what is now its centre and the orbit of its outermost planet. If this is true, the "shrink" in its size has amounted to about twenty-eight hundred millions of miles up to the present time. But let us not be unduly alarmed. At the existing rate of shrinking, as judged by the known amount of heat given out, it will be nearly ten thousand years before the change is noticeable even by the best instruments of the astronomers.

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Author of "A Fair Maid of Florida," "The Circus Rider," "A Gentleman of Cuba," etc.

THE scarlet coats of the golfers gleamed brightly against the greenness of the links, which stretched away in beautiful undulations to the background of trees that stood out sharply, seemingly at the very edge of the western sky. A young girl sat upon one of the iron benches under the shade trees near the first "tee," and watched a party of young people "driving off" as they started to play a "foursome." They were evidently not experts, for there was a good deal of merry badinage that called forth black looks from an enthusiast, who stood inwardly raging at such frivolity upon so sacred a spot as the teeing ground. The gay girls with their escorts and caddies started down the slope on their course over the links, quite oblivious to black looks and all unscathed by the sarcastic asides which the enthusiast addressed to his caddie concerning them. The young girl witnessed this by-play with an amused smile. She was a pretty girl with a graceful, yet well-developed figure, somewhat above medium height, and a fresh, healthy complexion, the bright color in her cheeks offsetting the tan and sunburn acquired by days of out-door life. She wore a trim shirt-waist, and a smart tweed skirt which reached to the tops of her high-laced boots, while with one hand she twirled a natty sailor hat upon a hatpin which she held in the other. At her side rested her bag of clubs, but she seemed to be in no hurry to play, but to enjoy watching the others. From the stately club house, with its broad verandas, came snatches of singing and laughter, and the clinking sound of glasses as the waiters hurried to and fro with various beverages for quenching parched throats. Now and then came a victoria, T-cart, or a gay trap with a load of players or onlookers, or to carry away those who were ready for departure, with the meritorious consciousness of a course completed and a victory won or otherwise. Presently the look of interest died out of the gray eyes, and a frown gathered upon her forehead as the girl began to look about her as if in quest of some one, whose failure to appear evidently displeased her ladyship, for her boot tapped the grass in a manner somewhat impatient.

Some players were driving over the bunker to the home green, and she again became interested as she watched the final play, or she would have noticed the arrival of a runabout with red wheels, a driver in tan livery with tan lap-robe folded neatly across the back of the seat, and a very correct little roan cob, which equipage halted to deposit a young man in white trousers and scarlet coat, who espied her as soon as he stepped from the runabout and came towards her, clubs in hand. She stopped twirling her hat when she saw him, and the bright color deepened in her cheeks, for only last night had she promised to be this young man's wife. It was all so strange and new, that when he dropped his clubs and caught her hands.

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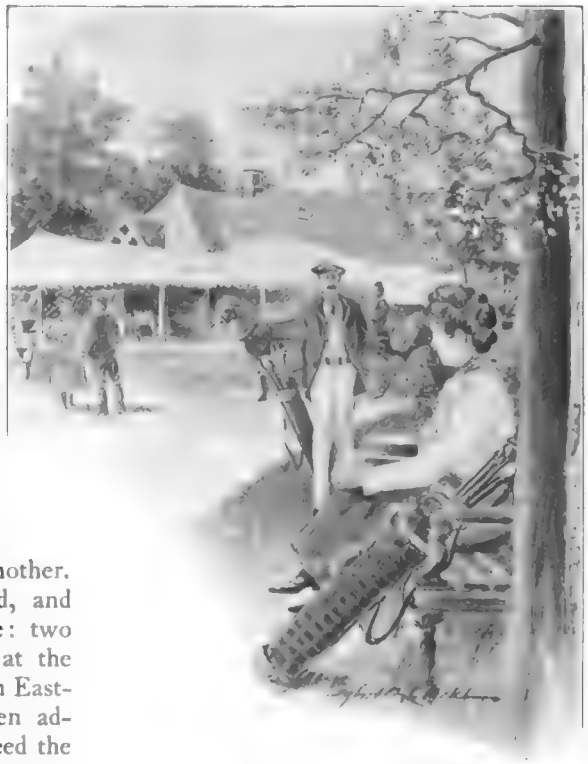
without even looking to see if he were observed, she gave a little gasp as though it quite took her breath away. He looked very proud and fond, as well he might, for he was a conspicuously good-looking young fellow, on the right side of thirty, with a bright face, a well-knit figure and—best of all—a well-filled purse. As for the girl whose hand he held, and who had won his heart, she had not a blessed bit of fortune, save the fortune of good looks and an abundance of good health. She had come up from the South two winters before to visit her aunt, had come from a little country town in Virginia, where she taught school to support herself and widowed mother. Her aunt's daughters were married, and she had given her niece this chance: two winters in Chicago, two summers at the Golf Club with one little jaunt to an Eastern resort—and nobly had she taken advantage of it. Nothing could exceed the show of affection with which her aunt had greeted her, when she blushingly announced at the breakfast table that morning the events of the night before.

"I am delighted and very proud of you, my dear child," she had purred. "You do me great credit. You will be able to assume a position quite equal to that of any of the girls with whom you have associated here, and who have been accustomed to money all their lives. Why, you will be the envy of every girl at the club. I told you that Mr. Caldwell was the greatest catch in Chicago. He is young, good-looking, and with an income he can scarcely dispose of—what more could one desire? I really did not expect you would do so well, for—although you are very pretty—you know, my dear, you are desperately poor."

A wave of anger had swept over the girl at her aunt's speech. True, she had thought of many of these things herself, but to have everything mapped out in this cold-blooded, calculating, business-like fashion was rather mortifying, to say the least.



THE BRIGHT COLOR DEEPENED IN HER CHEEKS.

"I may be poor, Aunt Alice," she said, with a show of spirit, "but the proudest blood of old Virginia flows in my veins."

"Oh, my dear child," her aunt interrupted, with an amused smile and an expressive shrug of the shoulders, "blue blood counts for so little in our dear, rushing, money-making Chicago. We are so very new ourselves, in comparison with many of our sister cities, that we have no traditions to which to cling, like Richmond, or Philadelphia, or Boston. Blue blood is not your only recommendation—you are pretty and clever, my dear, and need the money to round out the list of attractions.

"It may be a vast deal of satisfaction to one's self to be well born, but it does not satisfy the butcher, nor the baker, nor does it bring one the comforts, much less the luxuries, of life. Your choice is a wise one and you have shown yourself to be a most level-headed girl."

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There was a certain exasperating quality about the tone, as if it said: "This is my doing. I have given you this opportunity. You should be very grateful."

"I was a little doubtful about you last winter," her aunt continued, "and, indeed, even until Lieutenant Browne went to the war——" Her niece turned quickly.

"I am engaged to Mr. Caldwell, aunt, dear. Please do not let us mention Mr. Browne."

Could it be possible that, after all, there was, away down in the depth of her heart, a little gnawing, tugging heartstring as she looked up, with the bright color in her cheek, at her lover to-day?

"I have kept you waiting, I am afraid, Theo, dear," he said, pressing her hands tightly with a proud sense of possession, "but I do hope you will grant me full absolution. A man brought a span of horses for my inspection just as I was about to leave the house, and half an hour slipped by before I knew it. I am afraid you will not believe me, after that, when I tell you how very anxious I was to see you to-day," he continued, sitting down beside her; "how I have thought of you every moment since last night."

"Except when you were looking at the horses," she interrupted, looking up demurely.

"Don't look at me that way, or I shall be desperately tempted to kiss you right here in plain view of the club house. It is my right now, you know."

The least bit of a frown came between the gray eyes.

"Would it not be better to say your privilege?" If a touch of sarcasm crept into her tone, he did not notice it.

"No, my right," he answered proudly, with eyes full of love and admiration, but with the air of a conqueror, rather than an adorer at the shrine of a divinity.

He had never known what it was to be denied a wish or a whim in all his earthly career. All that money could buy had been lavished upon his babyhood and his boyhood, and in his young manhood he had been wont to please himself. Now that he had wanted this adorably pretty girl for his wife, she had been his for the asking. No wonder that he wore so self-conscious an air.

Theo sprang up and shook her shoulders, as if to shake off a sense of irritation that was creeping over her. Strange sensation for a girl so newly betrothed!

"Come, let us play, or it will be too late."

"It would be much more delightful to sit here and talk," he said.

A preference which would have lowered him immeasurably in the eyes of the players plodding over the course with set faces—that even a lover should hold in so light an estimation the ancient and royal game.

But Theodosia had started for the first tee, and there was nothing to do but follow. Even a caddy makes a crowd sometimes.

Theo played desperately to-day, but she did not play well. Somehow there crept constantly before her mind's eye a blue uniform and a handsome boyish face that had been full of hope and expectation and patriotism when last she saw it, and yet with eyes filled with the sadness of parting. She had given him a rose, and, shall I say it? a farewell kiss. That kiss burned in her thoughts to-day, for she knew that it would be to him almost a pledge of her love. As for her feelings—she did not know—now in the sober light of after days, whether she really cared for him seriously or not. She had been carried away by the enthusiasm of the moment—the sorrow of parting with a pleasant companion, mingled with a certain pride in having a personal interest in a young man who was going away to fight for his country.

It was when the soldiers were drawn up in line before the train on the side-track at Fort Sheridan. There was the hurry and bustle of starting, there were tearful good-bys and the shouts of encouragement and cheering—in the midst of it all she had pulled a rose from her belt and pressed it into his hand and given him the kiss—no—he had taken it—had caught her in his arms without a word of warning and

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kissed her sweet lips. But she had not been angry—had not resented his boldness.

They had passed many pleasant days together (for Lieutenant Browne, days of ecstatic bliss) since their first acquaintance.

There had been dances at the Fort, strolls through the ravines to the shores of stately Lake Michigan, with its broad expanse of blue water; long drives along the Sheridan Road; days filled with golf and tennis, music, laughter, and idle talk. He had come into town as often as he could obtain leave during the winter, and had been a very agreeable escort, although Theo's aunt, who liked him wellenough as an individual, had given him some very pointed talks upon the folly of marriage without money, and the general undesirability of such a commodity as a wife for a young lieutenant with a small salary.

LIEUTENANT BROWNE HAD RECEIVED HIS PROMOTION.

His visits were welcome as long as he did not take them seriously. He had been too happy in being allowed to be near Theo so often to give these talks much heed; but when Burton Caldwell had appeared upon the scene, with a tendency to contest his position with him, he had grown desperately jealous. The breaking out of the war with Spain had hastened matters a little. A man cannot go on loving forever in silence, and so the rose brought the kiss. The remembrance was infinitely sweet to him. He had written to her from Camp, and his letters were filled with the hope of seeing her again. Now he was in Cuba, and the girl for whom he lived and fought had forgotten him so soon.

Up the heights they struggled, side by side, the boys in blue—over steep hills, through short passes, here coming upon a scene of strange, wild, tropical beauty, and there pushing through thick masses of prickly cactus that tore their clothing and impeded their progress—with always and

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ever the scorching sun beating mercilessly, blindingly down upon their faces. Blankets and tent rolls were thrown away in the pitiless heat. Yet the faces of the soldiers were eager, watchful, scarcely expressing a shade of consciousness of personal discomfort, for each felt the nearness of a crisis—of that supreme moment of which he had dreamed so often, the turning-point, perhaps, in his career, the ending, it might be, of all things earthly.

Suddenly came the order to "Halt!" Some sound indicated the nearness of the enemy. Lieutenant Browne's heart beat as if to burst from his breast—not with fear; he felt endowed with a splendid courage—this was the moment of which he had often dreamed.

Since Burton Caldwell had begun to shower his attentions upon the girl he adored Browne had spent many an unhappy hour. His chances were so few when compared with those of the man whom the gods had seemed especially to favor.

But now the man and his fortune paled into insignificance. His opportunity had come. The war had developed heroes. He dreamed of promotion—of the plaudits of the world. He would do something noble and heroic; something to make his country—to make *her*—proud of him.

A shot rang out of the thick, high grass, and the order came to "Charge!" Into the thicket they rushed in a body, pouring volley after volley in the direction whence came the firing. A weird, awful thing it was, fighting this unseen enemy. The air was filled with the shriek of shot and shell. The men panted heavily with the heat and wild excitement. Now and then a brave boy toppled over, never to rise again. Young Browne was in the thick of the fight, cheering his men and urging them ever onward, while before him was always a face with clear gray eyes and a sunny smile, calling him to victory and love. Suddenly there was a sharp pain at his side, the world whirled around, and he plunged heavily forward into the tangled brush.

Lieutenant Browne had received his promotion.

. . . . . .

It was several weeks before Theo heard the news. Then came a letter from the colonel of the regiment, in which he stated briefly "that the enclosed letter had been found upon the person of Lieutenant Browne, who had been killed during a sharp skirmish with the Spaniards, and who had proved himself a brave and gallant soldier."

After the first shock she ventured to tear open the enclosed note, with trembling fingers.

"Dear, dear Theo," it ran, "I know I may call you dear, for should my letter come into your hands I shall be numbered amongst the dead and you will forgive my boldness. I am writing on board ship—hurrying through the water toward an unknown land. I feel strong and brave, and yet, dear, I may be killed; so I want to write and let you know how dearly I love you, how the remembrance of your sweet face has been with me through all my journey, and the precious thought of that kiss—have you forgiven my boldness? I cannot say I am sorry, for I am very, very happy at the thought of that moment.

"I am not half worthy of you, but I am going to try to make you proud of me.

"Oh, my dear love, if I should die and never see your sweet face again, remember that every throb of my heart says, 'Theo, Theo; I love you, I love you!' God bless and keep you, my dear, dear girl."

The letter dropped from her hand. And now he was dead, poor boy. While she had been dancing and playing golf, he had been toiling through the sweltering heat, fighting—yes, and dying, for his country! He had loved her—had looked forward to seeing her again—and she had cared so little about him that she had promised to be the wife of another man scarcely a month after he had gone away with her kiss upon his lips and her image in his heart. And all for what? For a place—a position in the world; for the pleasure of carrying away the prize of the season, to please her aunt, who had drummed the glories of money into her head since she first introduced her into her own select little world. Had she loved the poor, dead young sol-

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dier? She did not know; but she had at least allowed him to love her and to hope for her love in return. And then, this other man—her accepted lover—had she acted fairly with him? Would he wish to marry her if he knew her reasons for accepting him? Did he not take it for granted that she was as much in love as he? Her conscience pricked sadly. There was one way to make a reparation. He should at least know her sentiments. She shrank with a sort of horror from the ordeal, but it must be done.

She was sitting out a dance with young Caldwell one evening, some days later, on the broad veranda of the club, looking very pretty (although rather pale and distrait) in a pink organdie, with a rose in her hair, as she watched the dancers through the open windows. The delicate gowns of the girls and the scarlet coats of the men made a glow of color as they whirled about the brilliantly lighted room.

Two young people were promenading up and down the veranda, and nearby sat several gentlemen, smoking.

"By the way, too bad about young Browne, wasn't it?"

"Yes, he was a nice fellow," came floating to Theo's ears.

She gave a little shudder.

"What's the matter, dear?" asked Burton solicitously. "Do you feel chilly?"

"No," she said, jumping up from her chair, "I am too warm here. Let's go down under the trees."

"Don't you think it too damp for you?" he ventured, but she had started down the steps and he followed to a settee at some distance from the club house, where she was already seated. The moonlight through the branches of the trees touched her face and hair with a soft caress.

"I have something to say to you, Burton," and her voice sounded husky and tremulous.

"Dear me, what sepulchral tones," he said mockingly, seating himself beside her and putting his arm arm around her. "I feel like a father confessor."

She drew gently from him. "Wait, dear, I want to talk to you seriously," and her tone was so grave that he drew back puzzled.

"You heard them speak of the death of Lieutenant Browne, just now," she went on. "Well—I—think I ought to tell you that he loved me very much."

"Haven't the least doubt of it," Burton interrupted emphatically.

"And when he went away," she continued, not heeding the interruption, "I gave him a rose and he kissed me."

Her voice died to a whisper and there was a dead silence.

Presently Burton rose up and caught her hands in his.

"Theo, Theo, darling, you didn't bring me out here to tell me you loved him——"

She shook her head.

"No, for I do not think I loved him, and I never intended to make him think I did. I liked him very much—he was handsome and brave, and good, and then he loved me, and I thought I ought to tell you that I let him go on loving me, even after I promised to be your wife, because I could not bear to destroy his hope, when it seemed to be so much to him and he was so far from home and was enduring so many hardships. Then it all came to me when I received his letter the other day—the one he carried about him to be given to me if he died—that I had been very wicked and unworthy."

His arm was about her in an instant.

"You dear, conscientious little thing. Of course he loved you, how could he help it? I suppose you did not treat him just right, so long as you did not love him (I should have been sorry if you had loved him, dear); but I do not suppose, now that he is dead, I ought to begrudge the poor chap his love and his faith in you."

She withdrew herself from his embrace and her breath came quickly. "That is what hurts me," she said, "his faith in me. Would you wish to have faith in a girl, to think she loved you and to be mistaken in her?—take it home to yourself." She was looking at him intently with a pale, set face.

"My dear, how solemn you are. Of course I shouldn't, but then I am not

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young Browne, thank heaven ; so I do not have to worry about the love of the girl who is to be my wife."

"Burton, I did not promise to marry you because I loved you."

He turned and looked at her sharply.

"In heaven's name, Theo, what do you mean?"

"I mean what I say," she said, hurrying on as though she feared she would not say all she desired before her courage failed her.

"I liked you, but I did not love you, and I promised to marry you because—I was ambitious. I wanted position—I wanted money."

"For God's sake, Theo, don't say that."

"Yes, money," she went on. "I think, perhaps—I almost know—I should have refused you if you had been poor. I have been poor all my life, and it is a hideous thing. It is well enough to be cultured and refined and blue-blooded, but if you are poor with it all, who cares anything about you? I have gloried to think I could pay back some of the condescending tolerance of the people whom I have met, who have endured me for my aunt's sake, and I have been happy enough since we were engaged. You have been very good and kind to me ; you have sent me such beautiful flowers and presents ; you promised a wedding trip to Europe. It has been the dream of my life to go to Europe. So you see how artful and worldly-minded I have been when you thought me so artless and unsophisticated. When the letter came it seemed as though I saw myself as I was, and that I ought to let you know just what sort of a girl you were going to marry."

She paused, trembling in every limb with nervous excitement. After a time, when the silence was becoming intolerable, he looked up.

"Do you mean what you have said, Theo?"

"Yes," she answered, in scarcely an audible whisper.

"I would have staked my life on my faith in you," was all he said.

"Here is your ring," she said wearily, drawing the beautiful solitaire from her finger.

"Keep it ; you are fond of diamonds."

There was a world of sarcasm in his tone. It was brutal ; but his pride was terribly wounded, poor boy. She laid the ring in his hand, and started toward the club house.

He sprang to his feet. This must not end all between them. He could not let her go; but she had said she did not love him—it was his money. He followed her slowly.

"May I trouble you to call the carriage?" she asked. "Please do not tell my aunt I am going, I do not want to see her just yet. Make some excuse—say that I am not well, but let me go alone. I will send John back after her."

She sat in a big arm-chair in the living room at home when her aunt came in.

"What on earth is the meaning of your extraordinary conduct?" the older woman questioned petulantly, throwing aside her light wrap and smoothing down the ruffles of her black lace dress.

"I wanted to come home alone, aunt, because I—you see, I had a little misunderstanding with Mr. Caldwell, and we agreed not to be married——"

"What are you talking about?"

"I told him that I did not love him, but was going to marry him for his money——"

Her aunt sprang up.

"You certainly are not well, the warm night has affected you. I will ring for some wine."

Theo shook her head.

"No, no, aunt ; I am perfectly well—I only told Mr. Caldwell the truth. I did not think it right to deceive him, to make him think I loved him, when I only wanted his money."

Mrs. Brent choked with amazement and anger.

"Well! Of all the idiotic, quixotic performances I ever heard of, that is the worst. To do so extraordinarily rude a thing in the first place, and so suicidal a thing in the second place! Why, do you

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know what you have done—thrown aside a young man whom half the girls in town would give their very eyes to marry—and after all I have done for you, too—giving you a chance not many poor girls get, I can assure you, and then you throw it all over for a crazy notion——"

"My sense of duty," the girl ventured to put in timidly. Her sense of duty seemed such a weak-backed thing in the face of her aunt's anger.

"Sense of fiddlesticks!" her aunt went on disgustedly. "What a charming world this would be if every one were like you! People are not generally so outspoken before marriage; they wait until afterward. I suppose you cannot change what is bred in the bone. You are like Brother John, for all the world. He had the most absurd notions of honor, and consequently he never made a success, but was always a dreamer to the day of his death."

Theo raised her head proudly.

"My father was the noblest, the most courteous of men, a perfect type of the old-school Virginia gentleman. I am very proud to have even a trait in common with him."

The older woman shrugged her shoulders.

"I have told you this is a practical age. Dreamers are left behind in the struggle of life. But I wash my hands of you; you must go back to your mother."

"Very well," Theo answered quietly, as she rose to go to her room. "I thank you very much for all you have done for me, for your kind intentions. I am very sorry to have been a disappointment to you, but I feel I have done right, after all."

Her calm manner deserted her when she was alone, and she threw herself upon the bed in a torrent of tears. Had she been quixotic? Would she be any happier than she would have been as Burton Caldwell's wife? Was she sorry for what she had done? No, it was only in justice to him that she had spoken; he did not wish to marry her now that he knew she cared only for his money and not for him. Did she care only for his money? When she was far away, would she not miss him just a little bit—for himself?

And so Theo went back to the little old-fashioned Virginia town, with its old churches and churchyards filled with graves, its streets lined with weeping willows, and old houses with stately pillared porches and knockered doors—from which one half-expected to see emerge fair dames in satin gowns and powdered hair—and on through the red roads and past the woods whence came the spicy odors of pine and cedar, to the dear plantation home. The gentle mother was waiting in the old-fashioned garden, and folded her darling to her breast. Mammy Lucy came running:

"My soul and body, honey, you sholy does look proud and han'some." It was all so sweet, this home-coming—even Old Uncle Ham looked natural, as he stood rubbing his black hands together and grinning gleefully.

"I cert'n'y is glad to see you again, honey; I was afeard dem microbobes dey has flyin' round in dat big Chicago was gwine to eat you clean up afore you git back home."

There was something very restful and interesting about the old life for a time, the great bed-rooms with their four-post bedsteads, the heavy, mahogany furniture that had been the property of the dead and gone Brents in days gone by—the old portraits that looked upon her with tolerating eye, as if to say: "Ah me, how I pity you! Had you but lived in my day. That was living!"

The sweet mother, with her high-bred air and exquisite manners and profile as clear cut as a cameo head; Mammy Lucy in turban and gingham gown rolling about the house, keeping up an incessant strain of good-humored scolding; Uncle Ham puttering here and there about the garden and grounds trying to fool himself into the belief that he was busy—it was all so different from that life in the great Western city that she felt half-inclined to believe she had stepped into another world. But the bird had learned to fly, and the home nest was so small. As the days grew

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"THEO!" HE CRIED.

shorter and the nights longer a strange restlessness came upon her. Her teaching grew irksome and her patience with the little scholars was sorely taxed. If she had not been so foolish she might have been travelling through Europe, instead of drudging here—no, she did not mean that—she loved the dear mother, it surely was not a tax to live with her, and then she had been so sympathetic and had told her she had done right. She certainly would not have been so contemptible as to have married under false pretences, and that is what it would have been. He was probably in Europe now, she had heard he was going—he would forget all about her and come back and marry some other girl. Theo winced—but then—why should she mind? She had cared for nothing but his money? Somehow the pleasant days of companionship, his sunny smile and thoughtful attentions, came back to her—his very apparent admiration had been very agreeable. Had it been the money, after all? Had she made a mistake and destroyed her life happiness for a whim? She thought of it all so often that she grew thin and pale. Oh, the winter that stretched so long and dreary and endless! And one day—one gray, cold day—when school was dismissed and the scholars had gone, she sat at her desk and thought it all over again, and it suddenly came to her that it was not the money after all, but the love of the man whom she had sent from her, for which her heart was hungry.

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She had shut the door between herself and happiness, and she laid her head upon the little worn desk in front of her and burst into tears. How long she remained there she did not know—with one name upon her lips and one image in her heart—but so long that it seemed, when she at last looked up, that the figure at the open door of the school was called up by her disordered brain. It was the figure of a man in a tightly buttoned overcoat, holding a derby hat and cane in his gloved hands.

She sat staring as though fearful lest the image should disappear.

"Theo!" he cried, coming forward, and then—dropping hat and cane impulsively—he took her in his arms. It was not a bit what he had intended to do—to force his love upon her, but the sight of the lovely face sent resolutions flying.

"Dearest," how infinitely sweet was the voice to her ears, "I do not understand how I ever let you go from me, but I think you hurt my pride. I felt so horribly cut up about it all at first. In the long days that followed after you had gone I began to realize what a dear, sweet, conscientious little girl you were, and wondered if I would have been so ready to lay bare my heart to you. I have never been a bad man—as good as most young men, perhaps—but I would not have thought of being as honest with you as you were with me. If you are only willing to marry me, I will wait for your love."

Theo was silent a moment. It seemed as though she were ashamed to tell him her thoughts.

"I told you," she said tremulously, disengaging herself from his embrace, "that I was going to marry you for your money. In these long months I have learned to know my own heart. I wish you had come to tell me you were a poor man, for then you would believe me when I say that I love you and love you for yourself alone."

He drew her to his breast again, kissing her as though to make up for lost time. "I have not lost my money, dearest, but I am going to try to spend it in making you happy."

A FANCY.

When night has given a color to the wind,
And trembling stars a spirit to the dark,
You linger, like an everlasting spark—
The Soul of Sorrow, in her ash enshrined.

When the gray sea is settled in her sound,
I think I hear you calling on the shore;
But I have answered, and the voice is more
The salt of laughter aching in a wound.

Deep in the autumn wood of paling brown
A toss of golden ringlets do I spy?—
Ah! no, but, like my golden hopes that die,
A leaflet, bruised and broken, falling down.

Serene and proud has Memory kept her light,
Burning her heart the while with her own flame;
Too true to give Forgetfulness her name,
Too wise to hide her glory in the night.

Memory and I—each both, and never one;
She living on the sweetness cast away,
I dying with her visit all the day—
And each to each companion, but alone!

For all the heavy fathoms of the sea,
And all the gentle hints of leaf and star
Are idle, love, until your whispers are
Once more the sweet interpreters for me.

ALOYSIUS COLL.

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FIFTY YEARS OF MY LIFE.

By Stuart Robson.

PART III.

STUART ROBSON AS OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

Among the pieces in which I have appeared, a partial enumeration of which appears in the August number, are quite a large number of burlesques. The young actor of to-day sometimes acts as though he thought the burlesque beneath his dignity, but several important actors began their career in burlesque. Jefferson was famous in this line; so was Florence. Henry Irving was never happier than when singing the topical songs of his old days in the English provinces. A burlesque of thirty years ago was really a burlesque; the actors copied their leaders in dress, action, and stage deportment, and usually held their audiences by legitimate methods, making them forget that it was a burlesque, up to a certain point. Thus, in the burlesque on "Hamlet," the scene of the players before the king would be enacted with due solemnity, until the poison was poured into the ear of the sleeping man from a demijohn through a funnel. Great care was bestowed on the dialogue in these burlesques, which, aside from their brightness and humor, often faithfully portrayed their originals line by line. The decline of burlesque began with Lydia Thompson's first visit to this country. What she presented was burlesque, to be sure, but not such as those in which I appeared. Her company was made up of beautiful women and bright comedians, and paved the way for extravaganzas like "Evangeline."

In 1872 I came to the Union Square Theatre, New York, and played leading comedy parts, and there met for the first time Charles R. Thorne. The friendship that sprang up during that first year of association with Thorne lasted until his death, and there are no details of that friendship on which I would not willingly dwell could it have the same interest for others as it has for me. Thorne had a personality that was strong both on and off the stage. He made himself felt as an actor; he drew one to himself as a friend. He was almost an idol during the days of the Union Square Stock Company under Mr. Palmer's management, and, considering the success of his later career, it is remarkable how strong a change was brought about by one single incident in his life. He came of a family of actors, and had always been considered a capable member of his profession, though never a great public favorite. Some of

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CHARLES R. THORNE, JR.

the more unostentatious methods that prevailed in his private life were, unfortunately, to a certain extent noticeable in his acting. Off the stage he was a man of domestic habits, and avoided, as much as possible, bringing the theatre into discussion on occasions when it was not necessary. On the stage he was conventional, quiet, did not give any too much attention to make-up, and was somewhat slipshod at rehearsals.

The incident that I have referred to which changed Thorne's entire career occurred while Boucicault was rehearsing "Led Astray." This was in 1873. He was cast for the Count Rudolph, and I played Hector. Thorne walked through his part in about the usual way, and Boucicault stood it, up to a certain period, when he stopped him and asked him to repeat certain lines. Thorne did this, and Boucicault again asked him to repeat them, giving him the lines as he wanted them spoken. Thorne again tried, this time imitating Boucicault as well as he could; but the author was not satisfied, and asked him in somewhat angry tones to try it again, repeating the lines once more very vehemently and in a tone that meant that he was determined to get what he wanted. With each repetition Thorne had been getting angrier and angrier, and when Boucicault repeated the lines for the last time, Thorne walked across the stage, repeating them after him in a tone that practically meant "You go to the devil," and threw his part upon the table. He was about to walk off the stage when Boucicault jumped forward and exclaimed, "Beautiful! just the way it should be said." Thorne turned around, somewhat amazed, and for a moment apparently thought that Boucicault was guying him. The latter exclaimed that it was the real feeling that Thorne had just portrayed that he liked the most, and that he wanted in the part, and the actor picked up his manuscript and went on. Boucicault said afterward that he believed it was on that day that Thorne found out what real feeling was.

The success of "Led Astray" decided Thorne and myself on a trip to England, and on July 1, 1874, we opened at the Gaiety Theatre, London, he playing the Count and I, Hector. Thorne was a great success, but London would not take me at any price. However, we were financially successful, so that the season I played in London, if not particularly pleasing to my personal vanity, was profitable in several other respects.

After leaving the Union Square Theatre I still saw much of Thorne. He remained at that house until 1882, doing such remarkable work as his Chev-

BRET HARTE.

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STUART ROBSON AS BERTIE THE LAMB IN "THE HENRIETTA."

alier de Vaudrey in "The Two Orphans," Daniel Rochat in the piece of that name, and John Strebelow in "The Banker's Daughter." There are few theatre-goers of these days who will not recall the pleasure of the strong, earnest, and convincing performances of all of those characters, differing as they did so much one from another.

Thorne was a creator, and his methods are so much those of the popular romantic actor of to-day, that, even considering the ephemeral nature of the actor's fame, I wonder that the members of his own profession do not hold him in higher regard. Before his vogue, for that's what it was, the young actor would express great vehemence by "mouthing," ranting, and various physical gymnastics. Thorne was very quiet. The stronger the scene the more he seemed to hold himself back; but he never misplaced his emphasis, and the apparent struggle to contain himself found his audiences following him with breathless interest. On one occasion an author had given him a long speech, a sort of final farewell to the wife who had been false to him. It was, much of it, bombast. Thorne read it over and then said:

"I don't want to speak that."

"Why not?" asked the astonished author. "It's a fine opportunity for you." And viewed from the average actor's standpoint of that day it certainly was.

"Well," replied Thorne, "a man in this situation would not talk that way nor say as much as that. Two or three words would do just as well." He had his way, and spoke only three words instead of a hundred, and the effect was greater and more artistic, because it was truer.

In 1870 John T. Raymond made his great hit as Col. Mulberry Sellers.* Nobody but Raymond could have played Sellers. The character was made for him and he was made for it.† The success of

* John T. Raymond was born March 4, 1836. So was I. Professionally and socially we were much together up to the day of his death—March 4, 1887. We signed our contracts for Laura Keene's Theatre, New York, on the same day, March 4, 1861, and the last time I ever saw him was March 4, 1886. Raymond was a splendid fellow—a fine actor and a true friend. He had but one fault that I could see. He would gamble—not with cards, but with half dollars. "Match me," was his constant cry. A refusal would offend him. He once made me match with him for a "death chance," as he called it. "Heads or tails on who dies first. The survivor to bury the dead man. What do you say?" We matched. He is buried in Brooklyn.

† Once when Raymond was playing an engagement in Chicago he asked Samuel Medill, managing editor of the "Tribune," what it would cost for an advertisement that would cover an entire page of the Sunday's issue. Medill replied, "Two hundred dollars," whereupon Raymond offered to "match him," as to whether it should be four hundred dollars or nothing. Medill accepted the wager with the proviso that if he—Medill—lost, he should have the writing of the advertisement. The condition was accepted, and Raymond won. On the following Sunday, a full page of the "Tribune" bore this advertisement—in big black type:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE
JOHN T. RAYMOND
THE CELEBRATED COMEDIAN
MATCH HIM!
MATCH HIM!

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Mark Twain's play made me wonder if Bret Harte could not write a play for me. I asked Lawrence Barrett what he thought of the idea. He pronounced it good, and advised me to go ahead at once. I did not know Harte, but Barrett did, and he arranged a meeting. I met Harte in the spring of 1872. We talked the matter over, and I came away from the meeting feeling that I would get a great play. Harte was then in the zenith of his glory. He was courted and fêted, and he was as much of a society man as he was a literary man. Barrett's interest in the play was very great, and he made a suggestion that I eagerly adopted—that of hiring a house at Cohasset, where Barrett and I had summer homes, and installing Harte there to write under our supervision. Mrs. Barrett and Mrs. Robson made everything as comfortable and as homelike as they possibly could, and we sent for Harte, who was then at Long Branch. He had been receiving a great deal of attention at the latter watering place, and after he had been at our quiet retreat a few days he began to show signs of discontent. He came over to my cottage one night and said, Thorne and Barrett being in the company:

"How do you stand it here?" Then, even more condescendingly: "It must be very hard—no social attentions—nobody coming to see you—but I suppose you actor people are used to that."

Barrett reddened with anger, and showed every indication of "going" for the "snob," as he called him; but I interfered before he could speak, and tried to explain that the very things he suggested as lacking were the charms of Cohasset. He smiled placidly, as though he thought I was succeeding very poorly in excusing our loneliness and unimportance.

The play progressed very slowly. Harte would write a scene and bring it over, and he would get mad when we tried to explain to him how impossible it was. He had never written for the stage before, but he was a theatre-goer and very well acquainted with actors, and I had rather expected to find that he knew something of stage mechanics. He brought over one act with seven scenes in it; another time he had a quick change of scenes, both of which were full stage interiors; that is, the entire stage had to be reset in less than a minute.

The play, "The Two Men of Sandy Bar," was first produced in Chicago, where it was a success. We played it at Hooley's for two weeks to immense houses. The cast, so far as I can now recall it, was:

Col. Culpepper Starbottle	Stuart Robson.
Sandy	J. H. Stoddard.
John Oakhurst	Charles R. Thorne, Jr.
Don Castro	John Parselle.
Mary	Miss Kate Claxton.
The Duchess	Miss Fanny Morant.
Donna Anna	Miss Laura Don.

The day before the play was produced in New York, a reporter on one of the

STUART ROBSON AS DROMIO OF SYRACUSE.

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New York papers came to me and said that he understood that "The Two Men of Sandy Bar" was going to be roasted by the critics. He said that he could "fix" one of the important papers for a hundred dollars. We didn't throw him down-stairs, because we were already on the ground floor; but we let him out as gently as possible, at the same time giving him the impression that he was not a man we respected, and that we did not believe that he represented the critic he said he did.

The play was produced. It was a bad play; it was very properly roasted. I see that now, but I didn't see quite so clearly then. The savings of six years was at stake, and in the bitterness of my disappointment I remembered the man who had offered to buy me a favorable notice for a paltry hundred. What I did then now seems to me decidedly funny and youthful, but it was a very serious work at the time. I fought the newspapers. I wrote letters to them. I expressed my contempt of criticism and critics from Aristotle and his "Æsthetics" down to Bill Jones and his review of a circus in Paducah, Ky. I told the critics that I not only knew my business, but I could teach them theirs. I not only fought them myself, but I got Harte to fight them.

Strange to say, the critics, instead of being endeared to me by my epistolary efforts, were antagonized. They responded in like. They said that not only did I act Starbottle badly, but I acted everything badly, etc. Then they went for Harte. They said that not only was "The Two Men of Sandy Bar" badly written, but everything he had ever done was badly written. It was a merry war.

Harte would burst into my room in the morning, with a paper in his hand, exclaiming:

"Have you seen the 'Herald' this morning?"

"No," I would reply, "I haven't; but have you seen the 'Sun'?" with the quiet conviction of a man who had a "better thing."

At about this stage Theodore Hamilton, my manager, would appear, paper in hand, and with the air of a man who had discovered the worst of all:

"I see you have the 'Herald' and the 'Sun'; but have you seen the 'World'?"

Harte took a semi-humorous view of the matter sometimes. He came in one morning as usual, and said:

"Have you seen the 'Tribune'?"

"No."

"Great Gad!" he said, "they say I can't write English! I, Bret Harte—a genius on whom seventy million members of the human race are absolutely dependent for their mental pabulum—can't write English! And that's not the worst of it—that dunce Dana, of the 'Sun,' says he can prove that I got my position on the Virginia City 'Gazette,' my start in literary life, by unfair means." He paused, and then went on: "And, by heavens, I think they can prove it!"

I believe now that the New York verdict of "Two Men of Sandy Bar" was right, and that the Chicago verdict was wrong; not that I think the theatre-goers of Chicago are not as good judges as others, but there were several reasons why the play should succeed in the West. The literary work of the play was brilliant in the highest degree. I must confess that I was captivated by just reading the lines put into the mouth of Colonel Starbottle. His wit was dazzling and of an infectious kind. All the characters in the play were intensely drawn. The work was highly dramatic. I don't think Dickens has written anything that shows more dramatic portrayal of character, and yet it could not well succeed as a stage piece.

The play lacked dramatic consistency, if I may so express myself. To explain: Starbottle had many brilliant things to say, and considered by themselves they were good, but they did not seem to come appositely. They came more as interruptions. He would break into an interesting conversation just at a point when you did not want to hear him. He seemed like an intruder. His talk had little or nothing to do with developing the interest of the play. The public like a play to go

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right along, to grow, as it were, by a natural process, and anything that interrupts the development of interest detracts from the purpose of a play. Lines, no matter how beautiful, if spoken for the sake of being spoken, are sure to interfere with the action of a play, and action is the indispensable requisite of the drama.

I was struck with a remark made by Mr. Bronson Howard at one time. He said that all successful dramatists had the engineering faculty strongly developed. Men of the highest literary ability are not always successful as dramatists.

"The Two Men of Sandy Bar" failed because its gifted author violated every law of successful dramatic construction. Its death was shortly followed by that of the splendid actor who gave it what little vitality it had—Charles R. Thorne.

In 1883 Thorne made his last appearance at Booth's Theatre in a revival of "The Corsican Brothers," but the double rôle proved too much for him, and after the second performance he was unable to appear again. He died on March 10, the same year.

Some ten years before, Robert Craig,* Thorne, and myself were discussing the quiet burial of Charles Dickens and incidentally some unpleasant funeral sermons that had been preached over actors. Craig then said he would have no clergyman speak at his funeral, for the pulpit in those days did not spare the actor while he lived, and was no more charitable toward him when he was dead. Further discussion followed Craig's statement, and then Thorne, Craig, and I made a compact that whoever survived the other should take the place of the minister at the funeral, and see that no sermon in the usual derogatory tone toward our profession should be preached. Thorne went to Europe, and Craig died suddenly. His family insisted on having the usual religious sermon. I told them of his wish in the matter, but they insisted. The minister who conducted the services was an educated man, but he had all the prejudices commoner in his profession then than now, and he immediately began to make an apology for the evil which this young man had committed in adopting a profession that had so many evil associations, while his talents in a respectable calling might have brought him great honor. He thought that he was justified in asserting that, in despite of this, Mr. Craig might have a hope of heaven. I told Thorne this when he returned from Europe, and it increased his feelings against such proceedings. He said he did not wish all sorts of people to be running to his funeral at the Little Church Around the Corner just because he was an actor, and the last word he said to his wife on his death-bed was, "No preacher, tell Rob."

It was in accordance with his request that at Thorne's funeral, at his house in Union Place, before a number of his friends, I said over his body what it seemed to me the compact and friendship called for:

"It was the often-expressed wish of our dear friend, during the illness which resulted in his death, that no performance of a religious nature should be permitted

* Robert Craig died December 19, 1872. The most remarkable and versatile young genius I ever knew—he was a poet, a painter, and a player. He spoke seven different languages. He was a pupil of the famous painter Moran. "Had he lived," wrote Moran, "he would have achieved a position equal to the best of modern masters." He was the author of several burlesques tremendously popular in their day, but now forgotten. "King Lear, the Cuss," "Romeo and Juliet, or the New Gentleman of Verona," "Hamlet, or Wearing of the Black." I first met him at the Arch Street Theatre, where he was playing small parts in the comedy way. On my secession from that theatre, Mrs. Drew offered him the position of first comedian, which he filled so acceptably that he became the greatest favorite Philadelphia had known since the reign of Burton. His early death was my first great sorrow.

Charles Dickens to Charles Fechter.

"New York, October 10, 1869.

". . . Philadelphia is quite as dull as I found it on my last visit. I read to a great house, however, and afterwards supped with my friend Forney and a few of his fellows. Forney makes a good host, talks well, makes good punch—what masters of mixed drinks those Americans are!—and introduced me to a young man named Craig, an actor, who gave me a surprise. He flattered my vanity by reading a page from Pickwick with an unction I cannot describe. I'm sure I never laughed so much in my life. He sang "Home, Sweet Home" so well that we all cried, and with the sweetest voice I ever heard. He talked of Thackeray and Wycherly and Congreve in a way that lessened my belief of a proper understanding of those writers. Forney tells me that he speaks several languages fluently, and is a painter of excellent promise. A Chinese gentleman was one of the guests, and young Craig talked with him in his native language without the slightest accent—at least so declared our 'Barbarian' friend. I am a little behind in my knowledge of the language myself, so must take his word for it.

"I was simply enchanted.

"I came to the house as a star, but the brilliancy of this young genius made me feel like a very unimportant member of the stock.

"He has promised to be my guest at Gadshill in June."

In June Mr. Dickens was dead.

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STUART ROBSON AS "OLD LIM," IN "THE JUCKLINS."

at his funeral. In conformity with this desire, let us bid good-by to him, briefly and simply.

"This man had few enemies and many friends. Narrow men did not love him, generous men did. He was liberal to a fault, honest, manly, and true. Those who knew him best loved him best. Hot-tempered at times—as all good men are apt to be—if led hastily into an injustice, he as quickly saw his error and rectified it.

"It is a source of gratification for us to know that he who lately feared death as the most dreadful of all evils, when the time came welcomed it with all the heartiness of his great nature. His end was peaceful and painless, and he died with the calmness of a sleeping child. He had few regrets for the past, and no fears for the future. If Charles R. Thorne had faults, I never saw them. My great love for the man clouded my judgment, perhaps—I could see only the good in him. Last Thursday I saw him for the last time. He asked me in a laughing way if I had any clearly defined ideas in respect to a future state. I replied as vaguely as I could that I supposed the subject was 'rather indefinite,' that the more I thought the less I knew, and several other current answers in popular use. He said that during his illness he had read liberally on this theme, and saw nothing more suitable to his views than the following lines: 'The future is a dark, impenetrable curtain, which no human being has ever drawn aside and come back to tell the tale.'

"The conclusion of my brief task cannot be better reached than by the recital of the following beautiful words from the immortal master's 'Tempest,' which Mr. Thorne frequently recited with a tenderness which has not been equalled in our time:

'These our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
Are melted into air—into thin air,
And like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yes, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
And like this unsubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff
As dreams are made of, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.'"

(*To be continued.*)

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THE SHADOW OF THE GUILLOTINE.

By Walter Rothwell.

"Roland, they are coming. Hark! I hear the voices, the clatter of the pikes and guns. Oh, Roland, my husband!"

"Hush, Yvonne; be brave."

His wife clung to him, weeping, as he tried to soothe her. Lights approached the house, and the noise without grew louder, till it culminated in a furious knocking at the door below.

"In the name of the Republic!" cried a voice.

Footsteps ascended the stairs, the door was flung open, and the room filled with the fierce red-capped soldiers of Lebon. One stepped forward. "Citizen Mauriciere, you are arrested."

Yvonne gave a cry of agony. At Arras, in the year 2 of the Republic, arrest meant death.

"Courage, dear," whispered Roland. Then aloud, he asked: "What is my crime?"

"Harboring rebels."

"Or that my father has escaped you?"

"You are an aristocrat."

"I am a Republican."

"You are a *suspect*."

Roland smiled disdainfully and resigned himself to his fate.

"Then all is said," he replied. "I am ready."

Yvonne clung to him still, but he gently unclasped her hands and kissed her. The soldiers closed around him, and he was gone.

His wife stood dazed. Gone, to the prison; and from the prison to the guillotine was but a short journey, that the feet of some condemned traversed every day. Gone, and she was alone! Her child, sleeping on a couch by the window, had wakened at the noise of the trampling and the voices, and now began to stir and cry. Yvonne fell on her knees beside him—there was still her boy left to her, to guard and protect.

The little one put his soft hand up to her face, wetting it with the hot tears, and laughed. She clasped him in her arms and covered him with kisses hot and fervent. But the curly head turned away rebelliously, and the dimpled hands tried to push away the mother's face. Something else had attracted him. Yvonne had looked up to see what had taken his attention, and then suddenly released the child, who slid from the couch and ran tottering across the centre of the room, where stood a tall, white-haired man clad in the ragged, discolored dress of a Republican soldier.

Yvonne shrank back at the sight of the uniform, but the man took the boy in his arms, and, advancing, tenderly drew her to him.

"My poor, poor girl," he said.

"Father!"

"I saw him taken, my child; I came to warn him, but too late."

Yvonne looked round fearfully and pushed the shutters closer.

"They may return," she said. "Are you safe?"

"Yes, for a time, and my life is precious now or I should not be in this dress," he replied bitterly. "Listen, my child, this is no time for tears and sorrowing. We must act if we are to save Roland."

"Save Roland! Can we—can you save—— Oh, it is useless. Do not raise my hopes, father. Can you, of all people, think that Lebon has mercy?"

"He? No. But Robespierre will sell a life for a life. It is I, the Marquis de la Mauriciere, they want. I escaped them, so Roland was marked down. He suffers for his father's loyalty; shall his father be less loyal to him than to the cause? My life is useless to the young king. Robespierre will buy it with Roland's freedom."

"Ah, no!"

But the father continued resolutely: "My child, I can trust no one but you, and I must not be taken, for my life is my

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son's. You must go to Paris, see Robespierre, plead with him. If that fails—denounce me; and when he gives you Roland's pardon, you shall tell him where I am hiding."

"No, no! I cannot betray you; Roland would curse me; my child would learn to loathe me. Do not ask me to do this. See, I am brave and can bear the agony of parting with my husband. He himself will die an honorable man. I shall bring up my child, my little Roland, to reverence him; do not ask him to live in shame, and me to be the betrayer of his father."

The old man's eyes shone with unshed tears, his stern lip trembled, but he drew himself up imperiously.

"I command it," he said. "I am still the head of the family; will you rebel against me, as this *canaille* has rebelled against its king? I alone am answerable for my son's arrest, and if I would save him, will you refuse to do my bidding?"

Yvonne hesitated still. "Do not ask me," she sobbed. A great tear rolled down the old man's bronzed cheek. Almost pleadingly he stretched out his hands.

"Will you not let me save my son, my Roland? Will you, his wife, not help me? Think, think if this child, your little Roland, were in danger, would *you* not give up your life for him?"

Yvonne involuntarily caught her baby from her father's arms and pressed it to her bosom. The answer was there.

"Then you will go to Paris?"

"Yes," she murmured between her sobs. "May God and Roland forgive me. I will go."

. . . . . .

"A woman?"

"A woman, citizen."

Robespierre trembled. He was a coward, and but nine days before Cecile Renault had perished for her attempt on his life. Marat was but one year dead by the knife of Charlotte Corday.

"Her name?" he asked harshly.

"Yvonne Mauriciere, from Arras."

"I will see her," and the Dictator's thin, dry hand was laid on the pistol beside him.

Yvonne, pale and trembling, entered and advanced to the table.

"Back there! Stand back, *citoyenne*. What is your business?"

"Ah, Citizen Robespierre, to plead for a life."

"You are from Arras, a Royalist town. It is useless."

"But Roland, my husband, is not a rebel. He is a good Republican. Hear me, monsieur."

"Eh?"

"Citizen. Hear me; he is guilty of no crime. He merely gave a little bread to a priest who——"

"Priests! The worst of rebels. It is enough; he feeds the enemies of France—he feeds the guillotine," Robespierre answered with a convulsive smile.

"But is it a crime to be punished with death? Think, citizen, a little bread to a starving man. And we can pay, if need be, any fine—anything. Oh, not death!"

"It is decreed."

"Mercy, mercy!"

Robespierre twitched his head impatiently. Yvonne had thrown herself on her knees, and the tears streamed down her cheeks.

"Ah, then it was false," she cried despairingly.

"What was?"

"They told me that you were once merciful and pitiful. That in our very town once you would not sentence even a criminal to death, and now—now——"

"Now it is for France, and these are traitors. Come, come, *citoyenne*, I have no time; the Convention waits."

"No, no, one moment, monsieur—stay. Your heart is a stone; you are ice; you will not give me my husband's liberty—I will buy it, then."

"Justice is not bought," croaked the Dictator, folding his hands and pressing one into the other nervously.

"But if I denounce to you an enemy—one you have long sought?"

"His name?"

"The Marquis de la Mauriciere."

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Robespierre looked at her keenly. The only sign he made was a contraction of the lips and a deeper breath. Before he spoke again he carefully brushed from the shoulder of his blue coat some powder that had fallen from his hair.

"And your husband's name is Mauriciere," he said coldly.

"He is Roland's father."

"Then Lebon did well. These Royalist families must be stamped out."

"But my husband is a Republican."

"Bah! Where is this traitor now?"

"First, my husband's pardon."

Robespierre fixed his eyes upon the table in silence.

At length he spoke, and his voice was softened; the northern dialect sounded as musical as before it had been harsh.

"*Citoyenne*, you are a good patriot. The Republic, stern to rebels, can reward her daughters. You have denounced a traitor; France will give you a life in return. Let but your denunciation be complete. Where is the rebel hiding?"

"His son's pardon first."

"It is granted, *citoyenne*. A patriot of Arras has a double claim on Robespierre. Is he in Arras?"

"Pardon, citizen."

"Eh, speak."

"I would have the order for Roland's release."

"I have given you my word."

"My husband's life must not depend on a word, Citizen Robespierre."

"Bah! you—well, well, you shall have it."

The Dictator took his pen—that pen that had given the guillotine so many victims. "7th Thermidor," he murmured, and wrote; then, folding the pardon, he passed it to Yvonne, who thrust it in her dress eagerly.

"Now, *citoyenne*."

She drew forth a slip of paper and handed it to him. Robespierre read, nodding his head.

"You are a good *citoyenne*," he said, "and shall convey the warrant for the rebel's arrest with that for his son's release."

Once more he wrote. "Give me the pardon again," he said, looking up.

Yvonne hesitated, trembling.

"Tut! it is only that you may not destroy the one and carry the other safely."

She gave it to him, and he added a line more to it, placed both documents under cover, and sealed the packet with the seal of the Republic, One and Indivisible.

"If that seal is broken," he cried harshly, "the pardon is useless. Go!"

Heart throbbing, face pale, she left the room without a word, and the Dictator, with a cold, mirthless smile on his face, hurried to his place in the Convention.

. . . . . .

The road from Paris to Arras is over a hundred miles of flat country. A test of endurance for a good horseman with relays of horses, but for a woman who had already covered the ground and was almost fainting from fatigue and anxiety, it was a task almost hopeless. But Yvonne rode for her husband's life. In Paris, by the greatest of good fortune, she had purchased a fresh horse; her own was too spent for use without a day's rest, and that rest she dared not make. A horse could go no farther—the woman, half mad with fear, strung to the utmost tension, conquered overwrought nature and would go on till she reached the goal, or till she dropped dead from the saddle.

But it was slow journeying—too slow for the prize at stake—and yet, without constant halts, she knew she could not accomplish her task. Three days passed, and still she was only at Amiens, reeling in the saddle and but half conscious. Twice she fell fainting by the roadside, but twice, bruised and cut, she mounted again, desperate when sense returned.

On—on till she should fall to rise no more. On—on! Twenty miles now, only twenty; and the early morning sun shone through the mist, over the trodden corn and the charred cottages of Picardy. Nature seemed to strive for her. The cold breezes of morning cooled her hot, throbbing forehead. The birds sang of hope, could she have heard their songs through the rushing and ringing noises in

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her ears. Even the road grew smoother and straighter, till, as the mists cleared, she saw in the distance the citadel of Arras. Ten miles more; but even within sight of the town she sank on the horse's neck —felt everything slipping away from her —her eyes grew heavier and the dull pain behind them greater, till it blinded her. If she should fail almost at the gates!

She heard the rippling of a stream to her right, and feebly drew rein. It was her only hope, and she slid from the saddle with a last effort and, crawling to the brook, plunged in. The shock of the sudden coldness revived her, and as she dashed the water over her head, her eyes cleared. It gave her the temporary strength and relief she so needed. If that strength lasted but one hour, it mattered not then if death came.

As she climbed to the saddle again, the water dripping from her hair and clothes, she looked back along the white road. A single figure was in sight—a horseman, spurring furiously, feathers and sash flying, the sun gleaming on his scabbard. Yvonne gave a cry and urged her horse to the gallop. There was danger to her in this hurried rider, and she convulsively clutched at the precious paper in her breast; for might not his mission be to delay her and seize the pardon, to prevent it ever reaching Arras?

It was for a life, and mile after mile they raced, the citadel growing bigger and plainer, till the houses could be clearly seen, and the crowds gathering in the streets.

The skeleton of the guillotine: the soldiers; the line of bare-headed, red-smocked prisoners; the thronging multitude—all come into view as she passes through the gates, and hark! the *Ça ira!* the death melody with which Lebon ushers his victims into the eternal silence!

She screams and waves the pardon on high. Her voice is powerless and dies in a harsh whisper. One sees her and shouts to the executioner; a yell goes up from the crowd. Lebon, the butcher, deliberately turns his back on her, and waves his sword for the doomed to ascend the scaffold faster. Faster! O God, are there not enough to die! And there, see! Roland, her husband, fourth in the rank, and the great axe rushes down on the neck of the first.

She dashed into the crowd. "A pardon, a pardon!" Lebon takes it with a scowl, but Yvonne sees only the upturned face of her beloved.

The seal is broken; one glance, and Lebon gives to a soldier the warrant for the arrest. He looks at the other paper and suddenly his face clears, and he laughs a fierce laugh. "Proceed," he cries to the executioner, and throws the pardon back; "it is unsigned!"

With an awful look of horror on her face, Yvonne sees the truth. Her sufferings, her hopes, her almost superhuman toils have been in vain, and she falls into the outstretched arms of a citizen.

The crowd mutters; the *Ça ira!* rises triumphantly. The axe grates and falls with a thud. Another head for the basket! Thud! Roland steps upon the planks, and, with a look of anguish, turns to take a last farewell of his wife.

Another clatter of hoofs, and another rider, his feathers and sash fluttering.

"Stop," he cries between his labored breaths. "Stop, in the name of the Convention. Robespierre is dead!"

Silence; and then a shout of joy from the multitude. France is tired of blood.

"'Tis false," shouts Lebon furiously. "Mount there—mount the ladder. *Scélérat!* on with the work. The drums, strike up; the drums!"

"It is true. Robespierre, St. Just, Couthon, Henriot—their heads are under the guillotine."

A cry of ferocious joy—a terrible cry —arises from the crowd, and Lebon turns pale and wavers.

His power is gone, and even under his eyes the citizens, rushing to the prisoners, set them free and bear them off in triumph. The Reign of Terror is over!

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GERONIMO, CHIEF OF THE CHIRICAHUA INDIANS.

PICTURE PARAGRAPHS.

[*We shall be glad to consider photographs of all kinds suitable for this section of the magazine, and to pay for such as are accepted.*—ED.]

GERONIMO, SCOUT AND CHIEF OF THE CHIRICAHUA INDIANS.

We reproduce here a portrait of the famous scout, Geronimo, and a photograph of the hut which he recently occupied. For ten years he has been a prisoner at Fort Sill, I. T., enduring his captivity more like some wild beast than a human creature. In July, 1900, it was given out that he had become insane. Geronimo is muscular and vigorous, and in his uniform of United States scout does not look like an old man. "The ablest and most influential chief among them," was the opinion of General Crook, when, in 1883, he pursued the Chiricahua Indians into their mountain fastnesses, humbled them, and returned them to the San Carlos Agency. The subsequent history of this redoubtable warrior, his murderous onslaughts on the whites of the Southwest, his long chase and capture

CRADLES IN CHURCH.

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PULLING DOWN A CHIMNEY.

by General Crook, his escape and recapture by General Miles, are matter of recent history.

CRADLES IN CHURCH.

The Rev. G. R. Robbins, of the Lincoln Park Baptist Church, Cincinnati, has evolved an original plan for obviating the difficulty experienced by the mothers of his congregation, who, rather than run the risk of disturbing the meetings by the crying of their babies, remain at home. He has had the gallery of the church fitted up with cots, as shown in the illustration, where babies sleep peacefully, leaving the mothers at liberty to attend the services.

PULLING DOWN A CHIMNEY.

The accompanying photograph shows the destruction of an ancient landmark, nearly half a century old. This was the first brick chimney stack ever erected in the Mississippi valley, being built for a flour mill in 1853. This mill was burned in 1888, the effect of the fire causing the stack to lean far to one side, and making it necessary to demolish it. This was done by attaching a rope to the top and dragging it down, after a large hole had been made on one side at the base. The stack was 65 feet high.

PLOUGHING WITH A HUMAN TEAM.

A wonderful web was recently woven around the sensation-seeking portion of the American press. The story begins with the accompanying photograph, showing a human team hitched to a plough, and being driven at the point of a revolver. The photograph was taken at the request of a New York newspaper syndicate that had heard it was the custom out West to use men in the traces when horses were scarce. The ranch owner to whom the request was made, Mr. J. C. Miller, of 101 Ranch, Bliss, O. T., believing that the writer was joking, got some of the farm hands to go down on all fours in the atti-

PLOUGHING WITH A HUMAN TEAM.

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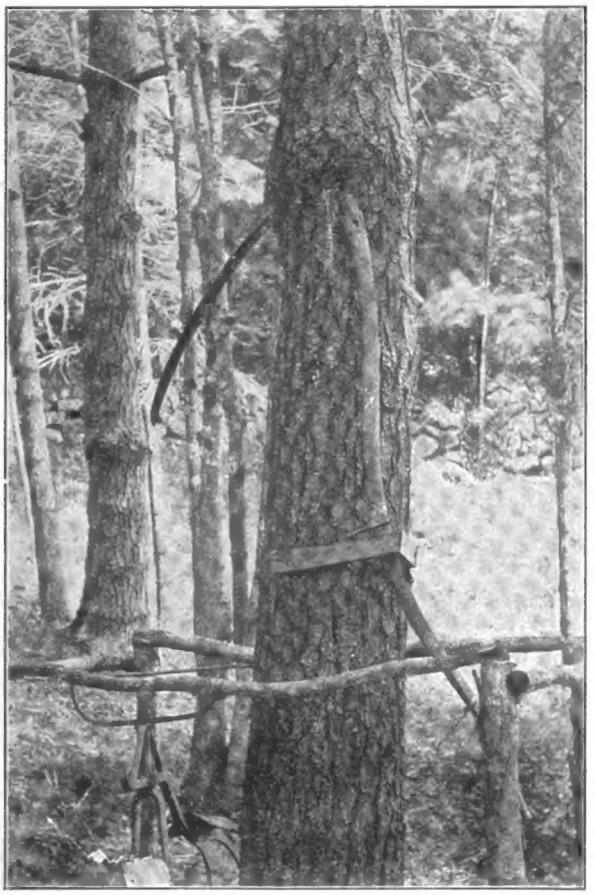
tude shown in the picture, then, with drawn revolver, took his place at the reins and was photographed in that position. When the photograph came to hand sketches made from it were sent out broadcast over the land as evidence of the horrible cruelty practised in Western America upon the unfortunate serfs of the farm. The story was printed with scare headlines, commented on editorially, and may have furnished texts for sermons. Even had the story been substantially true, it is difficult to see why it should be any greater hardship for a sufficient number of men to draw a plough than for one man to push a lawn-mower, or for a woman to drag a barrel-organ through the streets of a city.



A SCYTHE GROWING IN A TREE.

A SCYTHE GROWING IN A TREE.

An ordinary scythe, apparently growing out of a pine-tree as a part of the natural growth of the trunk, is a curiosity to be seen at Blissville, a hamlet not far from Springfield, Mass. The following story gives a rather pathetic explanation of the phenomenon: Augustus Bliss, the eighteen-year-old son of the village miller, was one of the many volunteers in the service of his country in the year of '62. When called to join his company, then at the front, his scythe, which he had been using but a short time before, was left hanging on a small pine-tree at home. Young Bliss never returned to his home, but died on a Southern battle field, and his scythe was left hanging on the tree, where he had placed it. Thirty-eight years of growth have transformed the little pine into a forest giant and embedded the scythe in its trunk. The handle, forced from the scythe by the growing tree, is supported in its original position by a small framework.

A PHILATELIC CURIOSITY.

The photograph on the next page shows a facsimile of a five-cent local stamp, cancelled at Milbury. The rarity of this particular issue accounts for the (to a layman) exorbitant price of $1,200 which an enthusiastic stamp collector recently paid to obtain possession of the original.

A CHURCH USED AS A RESTAURANT AND BOWLING ALLEY.

Near the edge of the Hudson at Undercliffe, New Jersey, is a quaint little church which, it is said, has been standing for nearly a hundred years, and is probably one of the oldest church buildings

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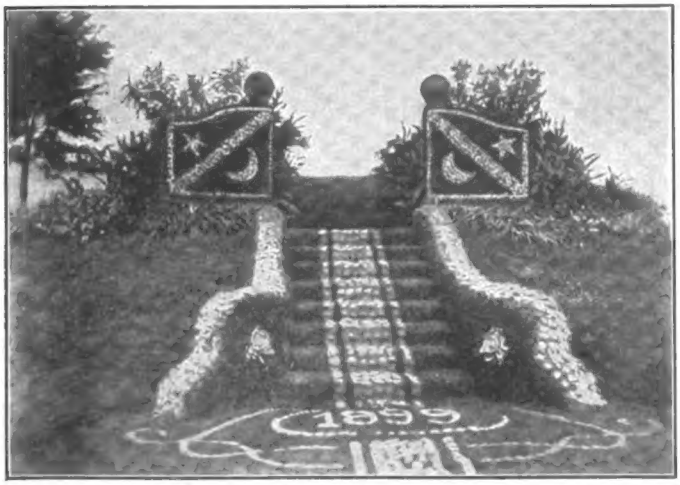
A PHILATELIC CURIOSITY.

A CHURCH USED AS A RESTAURANT AND BOWLING ALLEY.



A STAIRWAY OF FLOWERS.

in the State. It seems singular that its age and sacred associations have not hallowed this little edifice to a more dignified use than the one to which it is at present put, for the venerable place is now used as a cheap restaurant and bowling alley. There is a fishing wharf near by, and in order to turn an honest penny the proprietor of the restaurant keeps on sale, in one corner of the little ex-church, a supply of worms and other bait. The restaurant does its most flourishing business in summer, when passing wheelmen and wheelwomen stop for a plate of clam chowder and other refreshments, and when enthusiastic fishermen avail themselves of the opportunity it affords for food for themselves as well as for the fish.

A STAIRWAY OF FLOWERS.

This charming conceit, giving the effect of open gates, at the top of a long flight of carpeted steps, is attained solely by the artistic grouping of vari-colored flower and foliage plants. The carpet-like effect on the stairway, the graceful lines of the balustrade, and the star and crescent on either gate are most distinctly brought out, as is also the date, "1899," at the foot of the steps. It is an illustration of one of the numberless artistic designs which have been evolved as triumphs of horticultural skill.

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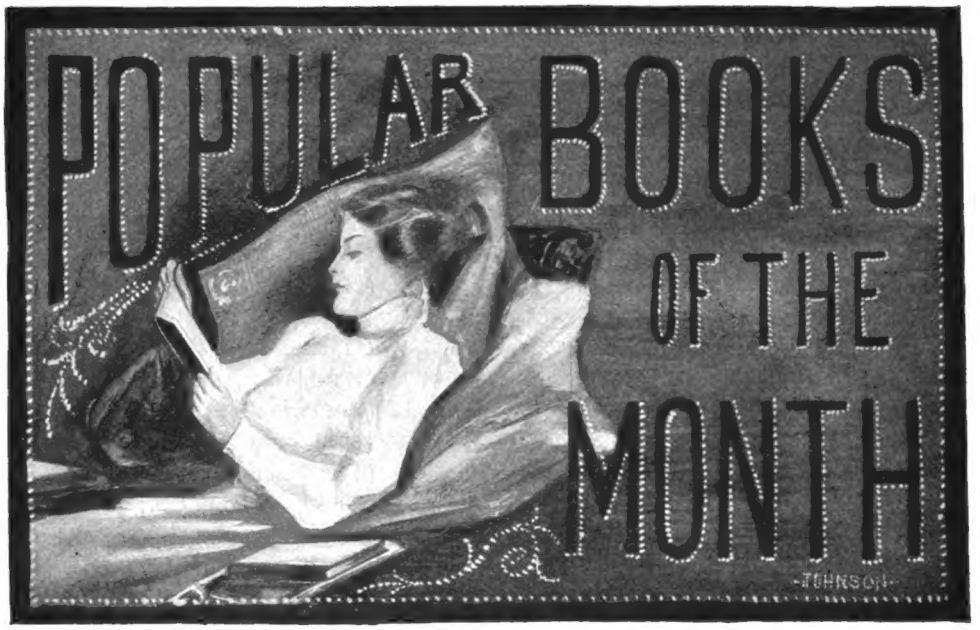

A CAREFUL canvass of the leading booksellers results in the compilation of the following list of books that have proved themselves most popular during the past month, as judged by the number of copies sold:

TITLE	AUTHOR	PUBLISHER AND PUBLISHER'S PRICE
To Have and to Hold,	Mary Johnston	(Houghton, Mifflin & Co., $1.50).
A Gentleman from Indiana,	Booth Tarkington	(Doubleday & McClure Co., $1.50).
Red Pottage,	Mary Cholmondeley	(Harper & Bros., $1.50).
The Redemption of David Corson,	Charles Frederic Goss	(The Bowen-Merrill Co., $1.50).
The Reign of Law,	James Lane Allen	(The Macmillan Co., $1.50).
Sophia,	Stanley J. Weyman	(Longmans, Green, & Co., $1.50).
Three Men on Wheels,	Jerome K. Jerome	(Dodd, Mead & Co., $1.50).
Unleavened Bread,	Robert Grant	(Chas. Scribner's Sons, $1.50).
The Touchstone,	Edith Wharton	(Chas. Scribner's Sons, $1.25).
When Knighthood Was in Flower,	Edward Caskoden	(The Bowen-Merrill Co., $1.50).
Sweepers of the Sea,	Claude H. Wetmore	(The Bowen-Merrill Co., $1.50).
Senator North,	Gertrude Atherton	(John Lane, $1.50).
The Monk and the Dancer,	Arthur Cosslett Smith	(Chas. Scribner's Sons, $1.50).
Unleavened Bread,	Robert Grant	(Chas. Scribner's Sons, $1.50).
A Friend of Caesar,	William Stearns Davis	(The Macmillan Co., $1.50).
The Trail of the Sand Hill Stag,	E. Seton-Thompson	(Chas. Scribner's Sons, $1.50).
The Biography of a Grizzly,	E. Seton-Thompson	(The Century Co., $1.50).
The Autobiography of a Quack,	S. Weir Mitchell	(The Century Co., $1.25).
Resurrection,	Leo Tolstoy	(Dodd, Mead & Co., $1.50).
Bob, Son of Battle,	Alfred Ollivant	(Doubleday & McClure Co., $1.25).
In Connection with the De Willoughby Claim,	Frances Hodgson Burnett	(Chas. Scribner's Sons, $1.50).

(Continued on following page.)

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TITLE	AUTHOR	PUBLISHER AND PUBLISHER'S PRICE
Boy—A Sketch,	Marie Correlli	(J. B. Lippincott Co., $1.50).
The Man that Corrupted Hadleyburg,	Mark Twain	(Harper & Bros., $1.75).
The Black Wolf's Breed,	Charles Dickson	(The Bowen-Merrill Co., $1.50).
The Banker and the Bear,	Henry K. Webster	(The Macmillan Co., $1.50).
The Heart's Highway,	Mary E. Wilkins	(Doubleday, Page & Co., $1.50).
Robert Tournay,	William Sage	(Houghton, Mifflin & Co., $1.50).
The Strength of Gideon,	Paul Laurence Dunbar	(Dodd, Mead & Co., $1.25).
The Conspirators,	Robert W. Chambers	(Harper & Bros., $1.50).
The Voice of the People,	Ellen Glasgow	(Doubleday, Page & Co., $1.50).
The Bath Comedy,	Agnes and Egerton Castle	(Frederick A. Stokes Co., $1.50).
Prisoners of Hope,	Mary Johnston	(Houghton, Mifflin & Co., $1.50).
Via Crucis,	F. Marion Crawford	(The Macmillan Co., $1.50).
Joan of the Sword Hand,	S. R. Crockett	(Dodd, Mead & Co., $1.50).
Philip Winwood,	Robert Neilson Stephens	(L. C. Page & Co., $1.50).
Deacon Bradbury,	Edwin Asa Dix	(The Century Co., $1.50).
The Garden of Eden,	Blanche Willis Howard	(Chas. Scribner's Sons, $1.50).
His Lordship's Leopard,	D. D. Wells	(Henry Holt & Co., $1.50).
Life's Trivial Round,	Rose Nouchette Carey	(J. B. Lippincott Co., $1.25).
Fruitfulness,	Emile Zola (Translated by Ernest Alfred Vizetelly)	(Doubleday, Page & Co., $2.00).
The Ways of Men,	Eliot Gregory	(Chas. Scribner's Sons, $1.50).
Towards Pretoria,	Julian Ralph	(Frederick A. Stokes Co., $1.50).
Briton and Boer,	James Bryce	(Harper & Bros., $1.25).
Wild Animals I Have Known,	E. Seton-Thompson	(Chas. Scribner's Sons, $2.00).
John Ruskin,	M. H. Spielman	(J. B. Lippincott Co., $2.00).
Letters of Honoré de Balzac to Mme. Hanska,	Translated by Katherine Prescott Wormeley	(Hardy Pratt & Co., $1.50).
The Domestic Blunders of Women,	"A Mere Man"	(Funk & Wagnalls, $1.00).
China, The Long Lived Empire,	E. R. Scidmore	(The Century Co., $2.50).
Chinese Characteristics,	Arthur H. Smith	(Fleming H. Revell Co., $1.25).
Village Life in China,	Arthur H. Smith	(Fleming H. Revell Co., $2.00).
Overland to China,	Archibald R. Colquhon	(Harper & Bros., $3.00).
From Capetown to Ladysmith	George W. Steevens	(Dodd, Mead & Co., $1.25).
Nature's Garden,	Neltje Blanchan	(Doubleday, Page & Co., $3.00).
A Guide to the Trees,	Alice Lounsberry	(Chas. Scribner's Sons, $3.00).
Paris As It Is,	Katherine De Forest	(Doubleday, Page & Co., $1.25).
Paris—Described by Great Writers,	Edited by Esther Singleton	(Dodd, Mead & Co., $1.50).
Problems of Expansion,	Whitelaw Reid	(The Century Co., $1.50).
The Light of Day,	John Burroughs	(Houghton, Mifflin & Co., $1.25).
The Statesman's Year Book for 1900,	Edited by J. Scott Keltie	(The Macmillan Co., $3.00).
Our Presidents and How We Make Them,	Col. A. K. McClure	(Harper & Bros., $2.00).

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